# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1851.

## HEBREW LITERATURE.

BY REV. I. D. STESING.

"LITERATURE," says an eminent writer, "comprehends all those mental exertions which have human life and man himself for their object, but which, manifesting themselves in no external effect, energize only in thought and speech, and, without requiring any corporeal matter on which to operate, display intellect as embodied in written language. Under this are included, first, the art of poetry, and the kindred art of narration, or history; next all those higher exertions of pure reason and intellect which have human life and man himself for their object." The great Bacon "divides the whole field of learning into philosophy, poetry, and history." Now, the Bible, which contains the choicest of Hebrew literature, embodies all those in a very high state of perfection. Aside from its great system of salvation, simply as a book of literature, embracing its poetry, history, and philosophy, it ranks among the first. Indeed, it is the book in literature as well as in religion. There is a grandeur in its subjects, a scope in its thought, a simplicity in its diction, a beauty and appropriateness in its figures, a power and vividness of delineation, with a noble and independent truthfulness, that are altogether unique and unrivaled. Profound and penetrating thought are united with chaste and elevated sentiment; a clear understanding with a brilliant fancy; great and ennobled characters, with all the innocence and earnestness of childhood. Where shall we look for human life so full of realities-its lights and shadows so faithfully given? Where can we find man so truthfully delineated; so little and undeserving, yet so great and strangely honored; so helpless and feeble, yet burdened with such high aims and infinite responsibilities? How noble the man, so closely allied to the true God, in executing the great ends of his ex-What moral beauty wedded to real istence! greatness!

A feature peculiar to the Hebrew literature is its moral beauty. This presents the human soul in a new and engaging light. It shines, because it is virtuous and pure. It excels, because it is holy Vol. XI.—13

and innocent. These are its ornaments and adornings. Its nobleness is laid upon its holiness. Its original innocence and Edenic beauty, though lost in fact, and, to all appearances, beyond hope of recovery, are here preserved in all the freshness, verdure, and excellence of their primal character. The moral likeness and holy image of the Eternal, left upon the human soul at its creation, so penetrated the thoughts, imbued the spirits, and glowed in the hearts of these writers, that they appear all along through their writings, as evidences of a birthright to a higher world. Menzel, in his German Literature, finds a likeness between the faces of Raphael and the characters of Schiller. He says, "The original and inexplicable charm, the heavenly magic, the reflected splendor of a higher world, which belongs to the faces of Raphael, belongs also to the characters of Schiller." If such are the faces of Raphael, how much more striking the likeness between them and the holy characters of Scripture! If Raphael gives us the human face divine, tinging it with such sweetness, and making it reflect such luster, the Bible gives us the human soul divine, in the image of its Maker, instinct with noble, mighty life, and radiant with the invisible beauty of the upper world. "The first secret of this beauty is the angelic innocence which dwells eternally in the noblest natures," which breathes a youthful fragrance over the whole soul, and presents, as its finished model, a young heart, loving without suspicion, hoping without distrust, and confiding with all the earnestness of cradled

Such is the moral beauty of the Hebrew literature; and its characters not unfrequently exemplify it. It appears in the loves of David and Jonathan—two great souls, with young, earnest, confiding hearts. It is immortalized in the beautiful lament of the former upon the death of the latter:

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places;
How are the mighty fallen!
Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,
Neither let there be rain upon you,
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away.
Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles, and stronger than lions.
How are the mighty fallen, in the midst of the battle!

O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places: I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; Very pleasant hast thou been unto me;

Thy love for me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

What simplicity! what heart-earnestness! how like the gushing, weeping heart of a child over the death of a beloved brother—so fragrant with innocence

and purity! But the prominent characteristic of Hebrew literature, the one that impregnates its whole body, and forms the nucleus of its worth and greatness, is its higher life, its spiritual development, its divine reality. The whole man is taxed, and mighty effort made to awake his whole inner life into active, vigorous existence; not by introducing him to the battle-field, the senate chamber, the parliament, the throne, but by acquainting him with himself and his God. God and man are here the leading objects; and they are so developed, and harmonized, and united, as to form the only true basis of human elevation—the divine reality of a higher life. This life means a great deal more than the soul-earnestness and deep-heartedness of Carlyle-it means a soul-union and right-heartedness with the Eternal. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul," says the great Master; and this can never be done without this union. Men here are such as they should be-mighty and sincere for truth, earnest and vehement for right; and the heroes of this life are quite unlike the Mohammeds and Napoleons of our race. These are, indeed, great, earnest, moving men, but baptized with nefarious purposes-cruel, inhuman, vicious, and miserable specimens of men in the image of God. But the former, possessing the like working energy and acting power, united to pure purposes, holy aims, and never-failing charity, show the man in his higher life, reflecting the image of his God. Indeed, there is an inexpressible difference between a right heart and a wrong heart, however sincere and "deep-hearted" each may be-a difference like that between two infinities.

The spiritual development of this literature is emphatically a development of justice and mercy, truth and righteousness, such as no other literature embodies. Great souls, manfully struggling for these, raise human nobility and greatness to their highest place. If there are any great-hearted men, these are they. Look at the Hebrew Daniel-a captive child to a proud and haughty monarch. Will he reach any post of honor, any station of consequence? Yes; his shining rectitude, his brilliant powers, his earnest truthfulness, attract attention. He is elevated to the first office, under the king, of the first kingdom in the world. Uncorrupted, prosperous, successful, yet envied, the hour of trial is at hand; it comes. Envy sends forth its decree. Daniel, whose "open, silent, great soul," in struggling up from the captive to the prince, had never swerved from truth and righteousness, is now to have his virtues severely tested. Truth with death, or error with life; right with degradation and disgrace, or wrong with office, honor, emolument, and princely respect, are presented him. In his own hand he holds his destiny. How will he settle the "momentous preponderance?" What a wrestling within his mighty, truthful soul—the inner life against the outer! What shall be the issue? Truth and right are predominant. He is hurried to the den; and there behold him, calm, majestic, princely, with the faithfulness of his faithful soul upon his countenance, while an awe, silent and noiseless, chains every beast. What moral grandeur! what real greatness of soul! and how godlike!

Take another case, of a somewhat different character: the patriarch Joseph. A lad of seventeen is a thing of merchandise at the court of one of the largest kingdoms of earth. Mark him, as, in tatters and chains, he goes at the haughty bidding of his official master. His fate seems fixed; his destiny sealed-"slave" is written upon his earthly doom. What human probability that he will ever rise and be a man! Little, indeed. But observe him closely-that ample brow, those striking features, that flashing eye, betoken the man of power, the soul of might. Slave he is now, but slave he will not long be. You can not fetter a great soul. The chains you put around it will be like Samson's withes. The slave appears in the palace-chamber of the king; power and authority are in his hand, and the resources of the kingdom are at his disposal. How will he succeed? He is required to administer the government in one of its most difficult crises. A severe famine rages throughout the country. Will he be able to master all the difficulties of such a period? With his inexperience, can he grapple with the obstacles in the way, overcome them, satisfy the clamoring populace, and preserve the kingdom in peace and prosperity? This would require all the skill and energy of a Richelieu or a Talleyrand, a Walpole or a Pitt. But there is no need of alarm. Joseph's God is with him; and, with astonishing precision, he penetrates the future, and calculates the chances of success. Fruitful in resources, skillful in expedients, with truth and justice as his ministers, he bends his lofty powers to the work; outrides the storm, finishes his political career with success, and dies beloved, leaving behind a life marked with abounding goodness, fragrant with noble example, resplendent with holy virtue-a model to be copied-a character to be forever admired.

To show still further the noble greatness of this spiritual development, the reader may be pleased with a sketch or two from an abler pen. David, as statesman and warrior, is the first selection.

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"To him belongs the merit of raising the tribes from the precarious condition of a number of scattered settlements, intermingled with still unsubdued, and not unfrequently victorious enemies, into one united, powerful, prosperous state. Under him the visions of the great Founder are for the first time fully realized, and the chosen people assume

an independent rank among the nations of the earth. In his military character, the highest warlike talents-dauntless courage pushed to the verge of rashness, unerring judgment, prompt decision, indefatigable activity-are accompanied by tenderness for the fallen foe, contempt for self-indulgence, devotion to sex, respect for religion; in short, all the fairest graces of the most improved states of civilization. Behold him at the cave of Adullum, dashing from his parched lips the untasted waters from the well of Bethlehem, that had been too dearly purchased by the jeopardy of precious blood! Behold him in the wilderness of Engedi, sparing the life of his deadly foe, who, at the same time, is pursuing him with the rage of insanity! In all his relations to Saul, what considerate kindness! what noble forbearance under the most revolting injuries! We seem to see the principle of good encountering that of evil in personal conflict, and overcoming it by the gentle weapons of kindness and charity. No character in the records of Christian chivalry at its brightest periods, not the fearless and faultless Bayard, not the perfect Alfred himself, exemplifies so completely what that famous institution was or should have been."

The next sketch is that of the Hebrew lawgivera character belonging to what Bacon calls "the first class of great men, the founders of nations." We commence it at the time he made his last appearance at the court of the Pharaohs. He comes authorized from above. What grand and terrible displays of power attest his mission! At the voice of the obscure exile, the great river of Egypt runs blood, darkness shrouds her territory, death enters every dwelling, from the cottage of the laborer to the splendid palaces of Thebes and Memphis, till the last act of retributive justice swallowed up in the floods of the Red Sea the hosts of the still unsubdued and false-hearted oppressor. Emancipation is effected. The harder task remains of organizing this scattered tribe of liberated slaves into a body-politic. Will the steady patriot, the dauntless champion, the successful leader of the people, understand the mysteries of political science? Fear not for him, man of many books! He possesses a source of information more certain than any of your theories, richer than all the pigeon-holes of all the constitution-makers. He is inspired by the fear and the love of God, which are the end as well as the beginning of wisdom. Then was revealed to the world, for the first time, the beautiful spectacle of a political constitution founded in truth, justice, and equal rights. It was revealed for the perpetual instruction of all succeeding generations. Amid the changing forms of national existence, it survives, and will survive forever, the substantial basis of the legislation of Christendom. The lawgiver has accomplished his mission; his work is done. Behold him on the top of Mt. Pisgah, casting a single glance of hope and joy at the promised abode of his people, and then cheerfully investing with the robe of authority his chosen successor.

These characters lucidly exemplify the divine reality of the Hebrew higher life, and show us man in his diviner relations, and nobler sphere, manfully contending for truth and righteousness. No other literature presents a life so elevated and divine. Without individualism-not acting alone and independent, and so acting wrong rather than right, and following error rather than truth, but acting with God, and in mighty earnest for him, his truth, and the good of men-it separates immeasurably between such characters as Paul and Cæsar, Luther and Napoleon, Wesley and Bacon; and this, too, for the best reason-because to deny the truth of moral distinction is to annihilate one-half the man. This life develops the whole soul, and aims at a perfect man, by giving him the greatest possible likeness to the Deity. The Hebrew writers make no fruitless efforts to clothe the man in an ideal greatness never to be realized, nor to elevate him upon his own inborn beauty and excellence, and make him great upon so baseless a fabric-a being to be admired and worshiped. But they do a far nobler thing for him: they relate him by divine heirship to the Infinite, and by a holy oneness to the Eternal. The Deity proper is not excluded from this life, and his place occupied by troops of miserable hero-gods, and the rites of that most miserable of all things, called hero-worship. God is God only, and all worship is here given directly to him. He is monarch supreme, "King of kings, and Lord of lords," and will have no competitor in homage and adoration. The worship of a holy, perfect God is mighty to produce a holy, perfect man.

Intimately connected with this holy, exalted life, and measurably growing out of it, are the poetry and philosophy of the Hebrew literature. Especially from this source does the Hebrew poetry take its unrivaled excellence. The subjects here are equal to its deep inspiration-grand, elevated, sublime. "Nothing can be conceived more elevated, more beautiful, or more elegant than the compositions of the Hebrew bards, in which the sublimity of the subject is fully equaled by the energy of the language and dignity of the style. Compared with them, the most brilliant productions of the Greek and Roman muses, who often employed themselves on frivolous or very trifling themes, are infinitely inferior in the scale of excellence." How sadly true it is in literature, as well as elsewhere, that bodies the most deformed and loathsome are frequently covered with the most brilliant drapery! What a striking exhibit of this in the cases of Pindar and Byron! Here the Hebrew literature is a noble exception. It can not be said of this, "materiam superabat opus"—the workmanship excels the material. The workmanship is indeed superior,

but the material is never surpassed.

LET a man be treated as a brute, and he will become more brutish than a brute; but as a rational being, and he will show that he is so.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAND OF TELL.

(THIRD PAPER.)

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

ALPINE PASSES-THE GEMMI AND ST. BERNHARD.

The whole central part of Switzerland, and especially the Bernese Highlands, are cut off from the valley of the Rhone by an immense mountain range; and, nolens volens, this must be crossed by him who would visit St. Bernhard, or Chamouny, on the other side. There are several passes over this giant barrier, none of which are easy; but of these the "Gemmi Pass" has the fame of being the most wild and venturesome; and there is decidedly no more dangerous one in the country. Being in search of romance, this was singled out as being the best one to fill the cup to the brim. But the sequel proved that the Gemmi carried the joke too far. It is really a terrific undertaking, and a purse of gold would hardly induce me to repeat it.

With the snowy pinnacles of the Bernese Alps in the background of the landscape, we bend our course toward the Lake of Thun, on our way to the valley of the Rhone. By many the Lake of Thun is considered to possess a greater variety of beauty than any other lake in Switzerland. It is about ten miles long and one in breadth. Its shores are at times decorated with villas and gardens, and again they assume the forms of lovely and magnificent landscapes. On a promontory jutting out into the lake stands the ancient castle of Spiez, which, according to tradition, was built by Attila, the King of the Huns; and the town itself bears a most antique appearance, with houses ornamented with turrets and spires. It is so near the center of great attractions, and the environs are so charming in themselves, that, in the traveling season, swarms of strangers fill its hotels and boarding-houses, which are there kept on the English plan. Indeed, it is remarkable to observe what an immense influence the English have exerted on the hotels of Switzerland: and they may safely be said to be better than any other on the continent. Thun is celebrated for the great variety of fancy articles that are made by its ingenious population; these are principally cut-work in wood, and finished with artistic skill. The chamois and the goat are favorite subjects, but there are many others, especially miniature Swiss cottages, which are made in every shape and style. The temptation to buy these is almost irresistible, and few leave the country without a collection of souvenirs. The result is, that thousands are thus profitably occupied; and it seems almost a dispensation of Providence, that in a country which is so crowded with mountains that it can not support a dense population, we find so many attractions for strangers that their gold does what the soil should do.

The road leads from Thun along the lake for some miles, and then enters the valley of Frutigen,

renowned for its exquisite beauty, its fertility, and its deep-green pastures. A sunset within its precincts leaves an impression that no time can erase. And then we arrive at Kandersteg, the last village of the valley, spread out as it were on a bed of turf, and gazing up the northern declivity of the wild and imposing Gemmi. Mules and guides are here offered to the traveler, and a repast is taken in the inn before beginning the herculean labor of crossing into the valley of the Rhone. After a deal of talking, wondering, and preparing, the caravan sets out, each one provided with a long Alpine pole, shod with an iron point, to catch a hold among the rocks, and support the climber. For the first hour the ascent is among deep forests, or over fertile meadow lands, supporting the lowing herds, and the view into the valley below assumes some new feature with every turn; but deep chasms soon appear, in which the eye is almost lost in seeking for a bottom, and rugged and jagged rocks intercept the way, which is now so steep and laborious that the curious traveler truly earns his pleasure with the sweat of his brow. Presently all traces of a road or path cease, and we are doomed to make our way over an immense field of barren rocks, hurled in the wildest confusion, by an enormous land-slide from one of the bare, angry-looking mountains that spring up toward the Gemmi summit. All vegetation now ceases, and we are surrounded by one vast expanse of snow and glaciers. Many of the peaks rising from this level, look so near, that we are almost tempted to endeavor to cast a stone into the driven snow that covers their sides, whereas, in reality, hours of the severest labor would not bring us to them. The only sound heard is the fall of the avalanche, or the roar of the water, running down from the melting glaciers. In the summer months, the latter supply sufficient water to form quite a large lake on the very summit of the Gemmi; and during eight months of the year it is locked in the firmest ice. But so dark and deathly appear its waters among these fearful solitudes that it reminds one of that fabled lake, over whose surface no living thing could fly without entering the embrace of death.

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Suddenly the guide exclaims, "We are on the summit of the Gemmi!" and leads us to a rocky mound, a little to the left of the path, and there we behold, in all its glory, the object of our pilgrimage—the charming valley of the Rhone, Mt. Rosa, and the entire Alpine chain which separates Switzerland from the plains of Italy. Here we imagined that we saw the St. Gothard pass, there the Simplon, and farther to the right St. Bernhard.

But these distant beauties had hardly given us time to look below. We were on the summit of a wall of naked rock, nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; and for thousands of feet this wall rose perpendicularly from the valley of Loeche below, seeming to form an insuperable barrier between heaven and earth; so perpendicular, that for sixteen hundred feet the plummet would

hang without touching its sides. We fairly shuddered, when the guide assured us that our path, and only path, lay over this terrific wall, and down its sides. It was too true; and there stood a dozen of us, who had collected to cross in company, huddled together, like poor sinners preparing for a passage over the river Styx.

One of the guides started, and led a mule, with the most courageous hero of the company on his back, over the precipice, down a steep declivity cut into the side of the rocky wall; but the guide, instead of remaining as usual at the mule's head, fell into the rear, and caught hold of the animal's tail, to help hold him back. The gentleman no sooner saw the possibility, and, indeed, probability of the mule making a too rapid advance, than he immediately demanded a halt, and, sliding from the mule, handed his coat-tail to the guide, as a much more serviceable appendage to hold on to in order to slacken his pace. This was acceded to with perfect good-humor, and answered so capital a purpose that we all adopted the plan; and thus we started on this perilous descent, each with a guide or a shepherd at his coat-tail, forming a motley caravan, which Punch has as yet neglected to immortalize with his pencil. We soon found that the entire descent was thus to be made into the valley of Loeche, down this gallery cut into the side of the wall, with the path seldom more than five feet wide, and sometimes but three, and only here and there a sort of breastwork for protection at the most dangerous turns; for the gallery described a perfect spiral, turning every moment. The immense labor of constructing this path on these perpendicular cliffs can scarcely be imagined; and it was quarried, bored, and blown into existence more than a hundred years ago. Persons who are apt to become giddy, find it almost impossible to descend; and most of us hugged the wall extremely closely all the way down, while some, who actually became sick, at times, adopted the plan of the mules, and passed some dangerous spots on all fours, preferring, however, to proceed backward while thus descending. In short, no description can depict or exaggerate this descent, and there are few, indeed, who try it a second time. At the base of the Gemmi, in the valley of Loeche, are the celebrated hot-baths. which are greatly resorted to in the warm season, on account of their medicinal properties, and therefore, principally, this singular and romantic road. that they may be reached from the north. Patients who visit the baths, are generally carried down on litters by the guides; their eyes being bandaged to prevent giddiness or sickness during the descent. The police obliges each person to have four carriers, or, if rather heavy, six, and, if uncommonly heavy, no less than eight. On reaching the plain below, all traces of the road disappear, and one can scarcely be convinced that the descent was made down that huge, perpendicular barrier that rises before you. In viewing, from below, a party on the descent, nothing can be more singular in its appearance; they are seen winding down the sides of the palisades, without any visible means of support, and apparently hovering to and fro in the air, while gradually approaching the valley.

The baths of Loeche present about as singular freaks of humanity to the stranger as the Gemmi Pass does those of nature. They are situated about forty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. and half way to the base of the valley of the Rhone, in a deep, secluded vale, hemmed in by the Gemmi. The hot springs that here pour forth a volume of water, of the temperature of about one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit, draw large numbers from the surrounding country, to live in their waters during the summer months. The town consists of several very large frame hotels, and a collection of huts, occupied by those who make their living in catering to the multifarious wants of the visitors. In winter these houses are closed, and the keepers withdraw farther down the valley. The baths have been visited for nearly three centuries, and enjoy a wide-spread reputation on account of the healing properties of their waters, in which the patients literally live. The largest stream of water is conducted into a saloon, the floor of which is an immense reservoir, divided into four large tanks, about twenty feet square each. Between these tanks are bridges for spectators or visitors; and they are all kept full of steaming hot water by the continual feeding of the hot spring, the water of which enters at one end and departs at the other, so that the stream is ever pure and equally warm. The cure consists in sitting in these tanks, up to the neck in hot water, for about eight hours a day, incredible as it may seem. The morning after our arrival we rose early, and repaired to the baths, when we found a sea of heads bobbing about on the surface of the water, said heads belonging to men, women, and children promiscuously-all being covered simply with long flannel gowns drawn tight around the neck and waist. Shortly after our arrival, breakfast was brought in to them, and served up in the water. The whole surface was covered with little floating tables, large enough to contain a little coffee-can, cups, butter, rolls, etc., the floating table being arranged by the waiter from the bridge. and then pushed with a pole over to the patient for whom it is intended. I need hardly say, that this was a most ludicrous scene, and lasted some time, and the patients in the mean while laughed and conversed with each other as if perfectly at homediscussing politics and war, revolutions, the state of the water, and the diseases of new-comers. Breakfast being over, the company swam about, and formed into cozy little groups, for the purpose of spending the morning as best suited their fancy: some sent for floating chessboards, and others for whist-tables; again, others had their books with them, so arranged that they could easily read, although up to their chin in water. And thus these fishy creatures allowed themselves to be parboiled for the space of four hours before dinner,

submitting to the whole process very coolly. Their perseverance was really worthy of fins, and Neptune should supply these accessories to this amphibious population. They do leave the water to dine, but, true to their adopted element, they return in the afternoon, and spend four hours more in the hot water. And thus lives this motley group, from day to day—tender lasses and tough old monks, matrons and their lords, invalid officers and aged spinsters, every rank, every shape, and every hue, all boiled up together in one immense caldron.

We now hasten down the valley of the Rhone, and follow its muddy and angry waters to Martigny, the base of the grand St. Bernhard. pass over this part of the Alps is one of the oldest of the chain; and, besides the far-famed monastery, or hospice, on its summit, it is made memorable in history by the passage of Napoleon and the French army, fifty years ago, into the fruitful plains of Italy, previously to the glorious victory of Marengo. As mountain passes, St. Gothard or the Simplon are far superior to it, for they both possess good carriage-roads, built with immense labor and expense; but St. Bernhard still remains a mule-path, as in the days of Napoleon, although greatly improved since that time. Its immense hight, rugged summit, and dangerous passage, have hitherto kept it in a wild and unimproved state; and, as a pass, it is mostly used by the inhabitants of the neighboring country and the shepherds of the mountain. As a protection and refuge against the sudden and terrific storms that range on its hights, the old hospice was established centuries ago; and who is he that has not read the touching stories of the monks of St. Bernhard and their faithful dogs?

To visit them in their own icy and inhospitable regions, among the glaciers and avalanches, had long been an ardent desire, which now was about to be consummated; and we started with the rising sun, on the morning of the second of July, with the determination of reaching the hospice before night, the distance being twenty-five miles from the valley of Martigny to the summit. On leaving the latter village, we cross a deep ravine, through which rolls and roars the glacier-born Drance, the dark gulf that rocks it in its bosom becoming narrower and wilder as we proceed. Then we pass through the deep tunnel, known as the "Gallery of the Mountain," and emerge among the scattered ruins of an old cloister, buried in the rocks and earth hurled over it by the bursting of a lake lying above, that was once so richly fed by the melting glaciers that it burst its barriers, and sprang headlong down the mountain, carrying death and destruction in its course, and overwhelming villages in its rage. Many parts of the road have been greatly improved of late, so that places that were formerly only accessible to mules, may now be traversed by vehicles. This is especially the case at the hamlet of St. Pierre, where Napoleon had the most enormous difficulties to encounter. The path led through the forest, over rocks and steep declivities, so that the army of thirty thousand men were repelled, for a moment, by the terrors of the St. Bernhard; but they made another giant effort-the field-pieces were dismounted from the frames, and placed in logs, hollowed out for the purpose; the wheels were placed on men's shoulders, where no other course was possible; and what the mules of the mountain could not do, that was performed by the devoted soldiers of Napoleon. They dragged his artillery over precipices that were considered almost impassable to man unincumbered. The people of the hamlet love to point out his course, and tell the incredible perseverance that finally crowned his efforts with the success of the field of Marengo. In Saint Pierre still stands a stone column dedicated to Constantine the Younger, which formerly, it is said, stood on the summit of the pass, in the place of one dedicated to Jupiter Penninus, and destroyed by Constantine three hundred and thirty-nine years after Christ. Thus it appears that this pass was well known to the nations of antiquity. On leaving the hamlet of St. Pierre, things begin to assume a wild and forbidding appearance, and vegetation loses its vigor. The trees grow small and sparse, and the formidable assemblages of rocks begin to tell of what is about to come. But still there are, even this high, mountainpasturages, consisting of meadows spread out on small extents of table-land, and watered by the melting glaciers. The path now passes through a wild defile, known as Marengo; and, as we emerge from its gorge, there lies the Grand St. Bernhard before us, in all its sublime beauty. But it is, indeed, the region of eternal winter; and we clamber from rock to rock, and one precipice to another, while all around us shoot up crags, whose bases are bounded by glaciers, and whose summits are covered with the snow, that sudden storms precipitate in avalanches on the unfortunate travelers whom fate delivers up to their cruel embraces. We have still an hour of fatiguing labor to perform to reach the hospice; but we here meet with very visible indications of the dangers to which we might have been exposed-two low, vaulted buildings of massive stone, but large enough to permit shelter to a small number of travelers, here serve the weary wanderer as a place of refuge, one during the storms, and the other for those bodies which may be found in its vicinity, that are here retained for recognition, till the weather permits them to be transported to the gloomy morgue on the summit. Some of the monks generally descend every day to this point, bringing a provision of wine, bread, and cheese for those who may be exhausted by the journey. Much to our satisfaction, we met a number of the monks at these houses of refuge, and a couple of them were so kind as to accompany us to the hospice. The way was so rugged, and the path so deceitful, as it led over rocks and deep gullies, that we could scarcely imagine how Napoleon could have overcome the difficulties there presented to him; and during the greater part of the year, when

covered with deep snow, it must be dangerous to move without a guide. As the sun was setting behind the peaks that still soared above us, we were greeted into the immense hospice by the barking of the noble dogs, which have done a large share to make the monastery so famous, and been instrumental in saving the life of many a traveler. Indeed, we felt more interest in the dogs than in the monks, and requested immediately to see all the dogs in the establishment, whereupon we were conducted to an immense kitchen, where lay a couple of them, one a perfect veteran; and having heard the principal features of their lives and deeds, we ascended to the large reception-room for strangers, and sat down for a long talk with the self-sacrificing monks of the monastery. The principal article of furniture in this saloon was an immense granite stove, in which the fire never goes out; and it was pleasant to sit beside it on an evening in July. It is the duty of the prior of the monastery to entertain all strangers that visit the pass; and we were received in the most hospitable manner. In a few minutes after our arrival in the saloon, supper was announced; and we, having kindly been provided with slippers and other little creature comforts to lessen the effect of our fatigue, were invited to the common table, with about twenty monks. The prior introduced us to them in an affable manner, and they vied with each other in pleasant conversation and attention. Unfortunately for us, it was Friday evening, and there was, of course, no meat, although our journey had made us hungry enough to devour a goodly portion; but, in other respects, a good, plain table was set, consisting of soup, with various dishes of flour, vegetables, and fruit, together with a large bottle of table-wine for each one of the company. In this way we sat for an hour, and found them extremely anxious to obtain information concerning the United States, and, indeed, by no means ignorant of many things in relation to our country. The frequent intercourse with strangers of all nations who visit the great St. Bernhard, renders them extremely intelligent and conversative gentlemen. But our fatigue induced us to seek an early couch, and leave many questions for the following day. About three o'clock in the morning, I was awaked by a most terrific rattling of window-frames, and a howling as if all the winds of heaven were engaged in mortal contest among the peaks that surround us. A sudden storm had sprung up, and it did seem as if the mass of stone of which the hospice is built must yield to the incredible shocks of the wind. It was, indeed, an awful night, and such a one as I have spent in no other place than on St. Bernhard and on the ocean. When daylight appeared, I found it to be a snow-storm of the most furious kind, driving and drifting so as to be perfectly blinding. To this was to be added an intense cold, and on the third of July; the icicles were hanging from the window-frames, and a small lake, lying just below the hospice, and fed by the neighboring

glaciers, was completely frozen over during the night. On descending to the saloon, a party of the monks, with the dogs, were preparing to start out on an excursion, to examine the drifts on the paths, to be able to judge where their presence would be most needed; for if the paths are not soon uncovered, or, at least, marked out by long poles after a storm, there is much danger of strangers falling into deep fissures of the rocks, for St. Bernhard really requires a pilot. The greatest danger is from the avalanches that fall during the storms; and a few years ago three of the most noble brothers of the monastery lost their lives, together with two of the dogs, while returning to the hospice with a traveler, whom they had found and rescued only to be buried with them. It was not till the following summer melted the snows that their bodies were recovered. The dogs are a mixture of the Spanish and Newfoundland race, and are more especially useful for their acute sense of smell; with this power they discover travelers at a great distance, and lead the brothers to the spot; and I have seen them stand on the steps of the hospice, and bark for a half an hour before the arrival of travelers; and when they begin to bark in a storm, it is a signal for the monks to start out, which they do with the most perfect self-sacrifice, regardless of every thing, but that duty which they have sworn to perform. To them a grave in the avalanche is a death on the battle-field, and a thousand times more glorious; for they truly fall in the cause of humanity. None but those who have viewed the scene of their contests with the elements can appreciate their worth; for storms here spring up as if by enchantment, and rave like furies.

Of this we were fully convinced; for during three long and dreary days did this storm imprison us in the monastery of St. Bernhard; and here, and thus, we spent our Fourth of July. This, of course, gave us ample time and opportunity to make every inquiry, and examine every thing strange and curious about the hospice. It was founded in the year 962, by the monk Bernhard of Menthon, who, on account of his holy life and Christian virtues, was afterward made a saint. The building is of immense size, built of heavy stone, and situated on the very summit of the pass, so that, from its windows, one can see those that approach from either side—Switzerland or Italy. It is capable of accommodating about three hundred persons; and all that is bestowed is given gratuitously. There are a great many rooms comfortably furnished for strangers, who visit the monastery out of curiosity; and these are invited to the table with the monks, sharing what they have. But the greatest amount of assistance is afforded to the poor peasants or shepherds of the mountains. There is frequently a hundred of them there over night in bad weather, and they all receive a comfortable meal and a pint of wine. Indeed, every one that crosses the pass is entitled to a pint of wine, if he chooses to call for it. The immense expense of supporting this establishment is defrayed by taking up yearly subscriptions for it in all Switzerland, and by donations of generous individuals, as well as by bequeathment; and at one time the monastery was extremely wealthy.

It generally contains from ten to twenty monks, with the necessary number of persons to perform the household duties, who are known by the name of maronniers, or serving brothers. There are, in truth, two monasteries-one in the valley, besides this one on the summit. The one in the valley receives the novices of the order, and trains them to their future life of abstinence and hardships; while young, they occasionally ascend to the summit, and pass a few days, and then return. When their services are needed, they are permanently stationed in the hospice, where they generally remain about ten years, or, if they are able, fifteen; but the cold and piercing atmosphere of their frigid climate, and the bitter hardships of their pious avocation, frequently drives them as invalids to the monastery below, before their term of service expires. The venerable father is still living in the valley who greeted Napoleon as he reached the hospice, in his

memorable passage.

The building is so immense, that within its walls is contained quite a large chapel; and the monks are daily at their divine offices as early as five o'clock, and thus, like faithful sentinels, they are ever to be found at the holy altar of St. Bernhard, invoking their patron saint to spare the lonely traveler, and stay the avalanches of these solitudes, as he passes on his way. But, should the driving snow and piercing winds be his messenger of death, and bear his spirit to another world, then do they wrestle with the elements for his friendless body, and bear it to the morgue, to hold companionship with those whose fate had been like his. And would you contemplate a scene that tells the terrors of St. Bernhard? Then come with us to this morgue, and look at the victims to whom it has denied a burial, because it has embalmed them with a shroud of eternal cold, of ice, of snow, in its mountain pyramid. There it stands, a low, vaultlike building of massive stone, with the bare rock for its floor. Look through the iron bars of its small window, and the dim light that penetrates throws its appropriate gloom over the sorrows that have there been buried for ages. See that man, who leans against the opposite wall, with arms bent, as if struggling with the avalanche; his eyeless sockets stare with terror, and his dried and sunken cheeks bear ghastly proof of a terrible contest with the storm. At his feet, half bent double, lies another, in whose position can still be seen the superhuman efforts to extend his limbs and escape. And near this group, see the mother, with her child closely clasped to her breast. In her agony, she would protect it from the piercing cold and pitiless storm; but it froze in her embrace; and there it lies, still frozen, as when the holy fathers, with solemn chants, and knells, and prayers, bore them

both to the grave of St. Bernhard. But now their requiem is daily mounded by the winds of heaven, and, though rudely cut off in the journey of life, their tomb is surrounded by peaks rising on peaks, covered with mantles of eternal snow, and their cemetery glories in the spires and pinnacles of nature's holiness.

Before these are reached by the morning sun, the peals from the organ of St. Bernhard ascend in praise to meet his living fire; and when his rays depart from these sublime hights, and creep up the masses of perpetual snow, the holy vespers follow them on their way to heaven, and every pinnacle seems to whisper, "Praised be the Lord!"

#### A SCATTERED HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGBLOW.

ONE perished on the raging seas,
Where the tall mast was bowed,
While death was on the startling breeze,
And terror in the cloud.

He made his pillow deep below
The ocean's sounding waves,
Where the bright pearls and corals glow
In its unfathomed caves.

One fell upon the battle-field,
Where the war-spirit frowned—
No kindred hand his eyelids sealed,
Or drest the fatal wound.

And one lay calmly down to die
Beneath the cocoa-bough—
No kindred voice, no hand was nigh,
To soothe his burning brow.

One, in the valley of the west,

Adorned a humble lot—

A happy home for child and guest,

A peaceful, rural spot.

She sleeps amid the forest glades,
Where the wrong'd Indians roam,
Far from her childhood's rural shades—
Far from her early home.

Another, and the last one, fell Beneath a southern sky, Where soft, melodious murmurs swell, And softer winds sweep by.

A scattered household! who, that saw
Them mingle round one hearth,
Thought that this day would find them thus
All scattered o'er the earth!

And thus it is—ah! ever thus
Is our allotment strange;
And happy would it be for us
Had earth no sadder change!

#### ANNIE HEATON.

BY ALICE CAREY.

THE moon, nearly at the full, was going down behind the withered woods-for it was late in October-and the thick, shining leaves of the gum lay here and there in red and heavy masses, while the lighter foliage of the maple surged hither and thither, as the gust rose and fell; now in eddying heaps, and now in long wavering drifts, and now uplifted like a cloud of birds, fluttering and filling all the air.

The moon, as I said, was sinking in the west, and the woods to which I particularly refer skirted, on the west, a patch of damp, low meadow-ground, along the eastern declivity of which ran the narrow, grass-grown road, leading to the neighboring market-town, near which, in a little hollow, stood a small and somewhat antiquated-looking farmhouse, the location of which must have been selected by the proprietor on account of the spring of fresh, ever-flowing water which this hollow afforded, and that, running through an ample brick "milk-house," with steep mossy roof, and door of slabs, fastening with chain and padlock, had more than once facilitated the making of the "premium butter" at the county fair.

The homestead, about which so much has been sung and said, would have required no little of the divine afflatus, in an uninterested beholder, in order to be invested with the peculiar charm, which is, I believe, by poets, supposed to appertain to all homesteads, being simply and roughly built of unhewn logs in the rear, though the front, or parlor, was of hewn logs, two stories in hight, with a very narrow and high door, painted of a dark, brownish red, on either side of which was a window, nearly square, with casings of the same color. Along the whole front ran a low stoop, supported at each end by a stunted apple-tree, answering the double purpose of shade and column, around which still twined the blackened vines of the morning glory; but the beautiful blue flowers were gone, and the leaves crisped and withered, but evidencing the presence of gentle and loving hands, whose little attempts may, in some sort, render the habitation, never so rude, homelike and pleasant.

Nearly fronting the house, and divided from it by the public road, was the barn, "in the best style of the art," surrounded with cribs, stack-yards, etc .all of which evinced the proprietorship of a man "well to do." But the rough-haired, lean colts, and drove of starving cattle, told of a master's hand less accustomed to distribute than acquire. Here, too, in the edge of a scrubby and untrimmed orchard of apple-trees, was the cider-press, serving, in the winter, to shelter the wagon, together with yokes for the oxen, plows, hoes, sythes, and all the various paraphernalia of farming. Here, also, was the receptacle of all disabled household furniture, which, though of no use whatever, I have observed some families to preserve with the rigorous caution worthy of a better cause; and this particular ciderpress was always garnished with sundry of the aforesaid articles. In one place hung pendent a bottomless chair; in another, dangled a little, oldfashioned side-saddle, worn out, it is true, and broken in such a manner as that it never would and never could be repaired, but, nevertheless, here it was, covered with dust and cobwebs, where it most likely had been for the ten or fifteen years past-a memento of a peculiar feeling that I never could, and probably never will, be able to define. Ranged along the beams, wisely kept for show, no doubt, were various articles of broken crockery; also, children's shoes and men's boots, stiffened by time and covered with mildew; old hats, a great variety of styles and patterns: all of which were duly examined once or twice a year, and carefully replaced, preserved, as the owner was wont to say, for the good they had done.

Really, any lover of antiquities would not fail to find that cider-press worth visiting. The owner of the barn, cattle, colts, cider-press, etc., and the occupant of the log-house of which I have spoken, was Joseph Heaton, a man that might be truly denominated a worker-one who worked, not only for the love of gain, but for the mere love of work, without any benefit accruing therefrom. Early and late, winter and summer, he was alike busy; and every man, woman, and child, who did not engage in manual labor to the same extent as himself, was esteemed, by him, not only as a useless appendage of society, but as a vile and seditious person, whom he was bound, by every consideration of self-respect,

to hold in utter abhorrence.

A help meet for him, in every respect, was Mrs. Heaton-truly a woman after his own heart. Whether the memory of the cow and side-saddlethe only marriage portion she had brought her husband, while he was the proprietor of all that "parcel of land" upon which they still residedwhether a memory of this weighed upon her, filling her heart with an overwhelming sense of gratitude, or whether it was the bitter consciousness of her husband's unapproachable wisdom, or whether a combination of both these causes, I know not; but, be that as it may, she was ever submissive and obedient, to that pitiful degree which esteems servility a privilege. It was not the habit of Mr. Heaton to make known his wishes by the aid of the human voice. O, no; he had no such vulgar habit. But the cold, blue eyes of his wife could readily interpret his signs, and words were very seldom rendered necessary between them. When she saw him in the inevitable black cravat and drab-colored vest, and heard orders given for the getting out of the carriage, she knew his intention was to visit the neighboring town, and accordingly named over to him such little articles as housekeeping makes necessary to be procured from time to time; only expecting, however, that the smaller part of them would be procured-it being a

convenient habit of Mr. Heaton's to forget, when remembrance required pecuniary expenditure.

At night, when he laid aside the Bible or the newspaper-and he never read save in one or the other-Mrs. Heaton, never waiting to knit farther than the seam, put away her work, and silently covering the embers, the whole family retired; this part of the domestic discipline being usually enforced about eight o'clock. No marvel that the children of such parents felt their preserce a restraint, being actually compelled, not through fear of whips or prisons, it is true, but by a sort of tacit understanding, which they no more dared to violate than the laws of their country, to keep down, when under their observance, all natural emotions, whether of joy or sorrow: thus learning, in youth, to act a part, the fuller development of which leads to the most fatal consequences. The first lessons in hypocrisy are learned at the hearth-stone, and might be learned in the cradle, if the infant mind were capable of receiving or retaining impressions.

If ever, by any possibility, it did chance that Laughter, holding both his sides, found ingress to the domicile of the Heatons, they felt themselves outraged, their dignity insulted and trampled on, and their parental authority cruelly wrested away; and upon all such occasions the observance of a more rigid government followed, for a fortnight at least, in order to bring under due subjection the

spirit of such atrocious rebellion.

Every day, "long ere the morn, in russet mantle clad, walked o'er the dew of the high eastern hills," a smart rap on the door of the chamber dispelled the dreams of the inmates, and called them back to hopeless and cheerless toil-toil without rest or respite-toil that saw, down the long future, no mitigation, and no hope of reward. If ever they wearied of the dull routine, they were asked reproachfully, if in that way they expected to repay their parents for the trouble and anxiety they had cost them.

O, there are sufferings to be endured in the world that take no shape and have no name! Living witnesses of this fact were the children of Joseph Heaton-Samuel, and Annie, and Mary. But there was another inmate of the family of Mr. Heaton-Binder, as every body called him, from his having been apprenticed to Mr. Heaton, but whose real name was Mills Howard-that might also have tes-

tified in favor of what I have said.

But the setting of the moon, of which I spoke in the opening of my story, was to usher in a happy day for him-a day that would see his shackles fall-see him Binder no longer, but Mills Howard, a man, and a freeman! No wonder he could not sleep that night; he was too happy. Perhaps, too, there was another cause which helped to keep sleep from his pillow; for he sighed heavily, as the moon went down on the last night of his bondage, and half wished the coming day were not so near.

But Binder was not the only one who watched the going down of that moon, till it was quite lost

in the thick woods, where so many autumns he had gathered ripe nuts and red hawthorn apples to pour into the lap of Annie or Mary; for, whether or not he liked one of the young girls better than the other, he never failed to present any such little offering to whom he first met, though, when given to Annie, he always said, "for you and Mary;" but when Mary received the gift, he rarely mentioned the name of Annie. Certain it is, that her deepblue eyes, from the chamber adjoining his, watched the going down of that moon.

Evidently, too, she was unlike

" A holy hermit dreaming, Half asleep and half awake;"

for her voice had almost a startling clearness and distinctness, though very low, as, laying her hand caressingly on the snowy shoulder of her sister, she called twice or thrice, "Mary, Mary," ere she drowsily answered, "Did you call, Annie? Is it

morning?"

"No, it is not morning. Forgive my calling you; but I could not sleep; I don't know why; and I thought perhaps you might be awake," said Annie, apologetically, as she suffered her head to slip almost from the pillow, till her long, black tresses, falling loosely down, swept the floor. In certain states of mental restlessness, we find a sort of relief, amounting almost to pleasure, in making ourselves physically uncomfortable. Something of this state of feeling was, perhaps, hers; for, without changing her position, she continued, as if talking to herself, "I wish the moon was down. To me, there is always something lonesome in the moonlight;" and, pushing aside the muslin curtains of her bed, the light streamed broad and full over the faces of the two sisters. They were not beautiful, farther than youth and health may constitute beauty.

Annie, the elder, was slightly formed, with deepblue, melancholy eyes, long, heavy tresses of jetty blackness, and that peculiar cast of countenance which made her seem the saddest when she smiled. Her manner was quiet and subdued; ordinarily the result, as most persons would suppose, of unambitious contentment, but arising, in fact, from the want of interest in the things about her, and the consciousness of the utter hopelessness of all effort. She was a dreamer of dreams; and under the calm exterior lay a heart ever rocking to and fro, on the wildest and stormiest waves of passion-love or hate, or joy or sorrow. Rarely, indeed, did she speak of what she felt; when she did, it was with a deep earnestness that moistened her eyes, and with that faint, sad smile, which she seemed to put on as a sort of assurance to herself that she was stronger than she appeared.

Only for the eyes of one-to her,

"Sweetest eyes were ever seen

had she put off the deceitfulness of her accustomed manner, and shown herself as she really was, giving utterance to

> Hopes and wishes long subdued, Subdued and cherished long.

In hearing of successful endeavor, in listening to eloquence, in reading chance fragments that embodied her own feeling, she found all her happiness. Sometimes she found a sort of delight in exaggerating the evils of her unfortunate position; calling herself a homeless and wretched wanderer, and fighting terrible battles with imaginary difficulties. Sometimes the glory of a sunset, the beauty of the autumn woods, or the plenty smiling from a field of ripe corn, threw over her heart the spirit of reverent adoration, and to the Father who seeth in secret she poured all her soul in prayer.

But, in other moods of mind, the beauty of the world seemed to her a bitterness and a mockery; and she would pray, if she prayed at all, with a wild eagerness that demanded to be heard and answered, and with outstretched hands, that would fain have pressed open the gates of paradise, defi-

ant of the Omnipotent.

Mary, younger by several years, was of a lighter and gayer temperament, with black, mischief-loving eyes, and thick, glossy ringlets of the same color, the beauty of which she was wont to set off with knots of bright-red flowers, or the shining berries of the honeysuckle—their striking contrast producing a not unpleasing effect.

Fond of showy dress, and a little given to coquetry, she would have been as happy as her nature was capable of being, could the means of gratifying these propensities have been placed within her

reach.

As it was, she was disposed to make the best of circumstances; and, when they were most adverse, she had always a reserve force of laughter upon which to fall back. True, she did not dare to indulge her mirthfulness; but the very knowledge of its being forbidden made the inclination irrepressible, and often, in the presence of her father, screened from his observant eyes by closet, door, or friendly curtain, she would take, what she herself termed a "benefit." Often, too, she gave utterance to feeling she dared not express in her own language, in pious quotations from Psalms and hymns, which she gave with arch expression and reverent voice. In this way she was particularly fond of giving flow to her exuberance of spirit when Binder was at hand; inasmuch as he never failed, by look or gesture, to give assurance that her meaning was received, and her tact fully appreciated. Even Annie was thus sometimes cheated into a real smile. But so opposite were the sisters in character and disposition, that, though all in all to each other now, neither would have been much dependent upon the other for happiness, could they have been placed in circumstances agreeable to their tastes.

So there they lay—those two sisters—under the golden net-work of the moonlight; the black tresses of Annie sweeping from the pillow, and the little white hands of Mary locked behind her own moist curls, revealing a bust of peculiar grace, rounded to the perfect fullness of beauty.

At first they talked of their dreams. Mary had dreamed that a strange gentleman came to the house, and she was without shoes; in her hurry to obtain which she ran over her father's great chair, and for so offending was shut up in the smoke-house; and with the fright of her imprisonment awoke.

"And," she continued, with greater animation, "I dreamed that Binder was gone, and that, as he was going, he asked me for this very curl," pulling one from her forehead, and winding it about her fingers as she spoke. "Wasn't it an odd dream, Annie?"

"I don't know," was the half-pettish answer.
"But what makes you call him Binder? I am sure
he always calls you by your right name."

"No, he don't. He calls me gipsy, and deary, and what not, when father don't hear him."

"I was not aware of his fond epithets."

"Well, then, I was," was the provoking reply; and the sisters relapsed into silence, which was broken at last by Mary, who, conscious of the annoyance her words had been to her sister, said kindly, "What are you thinking of, Annie?"

"I was thinking, as I watched that little glimmer of moonlight on the opposite wall, and saw it lessening, and lessening, and fading out, before the dark, how much it was like all my hopes—gleaming for a moment before me, and then lost and swal-

lowed up in the darkness forever."

"You must not think so; or, even if your hopes be like that, remember it is only gone for a little while, and to-morrow night—for the moon is not yet full—will come back larger and brighter than before. O, Annie, I am sure your hopes will grow brighter and brighter. You are so good, so worthy, so wise."

Poor Annie! the fountain of her heart was full, and it only needed a kind word to make it overflow, and, burying her face in her pillow, she wept in silence. And so the moon went down; and when, at length, wiping her eyes with her long tresses, she looked up, the little patch of moonlight had ceased to glimmer on the wall, and all was dark. But folding her arms tightly over her bosom, as if she held beneath their clasp something which the powers of darkness should not wrest away, she said, "You are right, Mary; I will hope."

What a relief to Mary were those few words! she was forgiven; and simply she turned over in her mind a thousand little offices of kindness, which she meant to perform by way of atonement. She knew that she had wounded, and purposely wounded, the sensitive nature of her sister, and she determined to make reparation, without any open confession of error. Perhaps she was not aware herself that such was the fact, as, bending over Annie, she gathered the long, heavy tresses away from her forehead, and wound them into the simple knot, in which she was accustomed to wear them, not failing, as she did so, to praise their beauty.

When she had smoothed them all away, she said

abruptly, as though the thought had just occurred to her, "O, this is the day that Binder—that Mills is going to leave us! How very lonesome we shall be! But, Annie, he will sometimes write to you, won't he?"

"He says so; but perhaps he will forget it all, when he is away. He will be gone a long while, you know—five years; that is long enough to forget

us all, I am sure."

"Long enough, perhaps, Annie; but I defy him to forget me in that time. I expect to be the same laughing girl, when he comes back, that I am now—not much wiser, I am afraid, but so happy to see him! I wish the time were all gone, and this were the day of his return. Let me see: in five years I shall be just twenty-one—as old as he is now."

"And I," said Annie, with an ill-boding sigh, "shall be twenty-five."

Stealthily the gray light of the morning crept in at the window; and followed, as it was, by the accustomed summons, the sisters arose, Annie in silence, and Mary saying, laughingly,

"Dear me! is this my certain doom,
And am I still secure—
This marching to the breakfast-room,
And yet prepared no more?"

Passing the door of Binder's chamber, she paused, and said, in a suppressed whisper, "Farewell, Binder! Good morning, Mr. Mills Howard. I hope, sir, you are very well;" and as she ran laughingly past Annie, she added, "I wish I had told him to pray for father, he has been so good to him."

"What do you say?" said Mr. Heaton, who stood combing his iron-gray hair, at the foot of the

"I said," replied Mary, readily, "it was good to get up early;" and hurrying by him, she screened her face behind the accustomed curtain, whence, as soon as her laughter had subsided, she emerged, making some commonplace observation about the beauty of the morning.

Not many minutes were required for the preparation of breakfast, which usually consisted of bread, butter, meat, potatoes, and milk, with hot coffee, always in the same shining, pyramidal, tin coffeepot, the honors of which were done by Mrs. Heaton in silence, excepting for Mr. Heaton, who always prepared his own coffee. All meals were announced by blowing a horn, which always hung on the same nail at the end of the stoop, and over which Samuel invariably deposited his hat, at meal-times, and on Sundays. Samuel was a very precise youth. When Binder appeared in the breakfast-room, he talked with unusual spirit and energy, as though going out alone and friendless into the world were a very little thing; in fact, he thought nothing about it. But he was not in his usual work-day apparel, a matter which must have made him painfully conscious of his new position; but, on the contrary, was arrayed in his new "freedom suit,"

the material of which was of a bluish-gray color, home-made, and the workmanship of a country tailoress; and being of a coarse, heavy texture, sat so stiffly and ungracefully, that the form and likeness of the man were quite lost; but, though appearing in this unwonted guise, and bringing with him all his worldly effects, which, in fact, consisted of a stout walking-stick of hickory, and some articles of clothing tied in a yellow-and-red cotton hand-kerchief, no remark relative to his departure was elicited from the elder Heatons; but a quiet exchange of glances, among the younger group, showed that they, though silent, were not unobservant.

Binder seemed to relish the breakfast unusually well, speedily passing his cup for coffee, though he never drank more than one cup before; but the mirthful expression was gone from the lip of Mary, and Annie had no appetite that morning. Binder, as he appeared in his new clothes, must certainly have provoked a smile from any uninterested beholder; but what was that to them? They only thought of his good, honest heart-of his many generous sacrifices in their behalf. They had trodden a long, rough way together-a way often smoothed by his genial humor or kind encouragement; they had eaten at the same table, and slept beneath the same roof; he had known all their sorrows, and shared them; and what, after all, binds us so closely together? and now, it would never be so any more!

In parting, even from persons for whom we have no particular liking, we feel some degree of sorrow; we find they had a hold upon us of which we were not till then aware; sometimes we even watch the passing traveler with an almost painful interest, arising from the very fact that we shall, most probably, never see him again; but when we part from those we love, especially if there be few who love us, few whom we love, the burden of sorrow is increased a thousand-fold. How, at such times,

"Comes, like a planet's transit o'er the sun," a great shadow, over all the world! and for a time, in "the waste of feelings unemployed," we cease to build about us the walls of hope; for, as there is no glory in the grass, and no splendor in the flower, only the expulsive power of a new affection can bring back the sunshine to our world.

"I hope," said Mr. Heaton, as he took leave of Mills, "I hope, young man, you may never go to jail. A Heaton was never in jail, sir, never;" and having delivered himself of this speech, the longest he was ever known to make, he took up his ax—he always kept his ax in one corner of the best room—and proceeded to the woods. He had no time to spend in useless ceremonies, for his part.

It was now Mrs. Heaton's turn to take leave, and taking the proffered hand, much as she would have taken the broomstick, she hoped he would remember the advice of Joseph Heaton. But the hearty, earnest grasp of Samuel seemed to impart to him something of its own strength; and the cordial

"good-by" and "God bless you" came to him like a benediction.

One word of the commonest kindness

Can make all around us seem bright;

As birds in the tents of the summer,

Or lights in a village at night.

Poor Mary! there were a thousand kind wishes for his happiness in her heart; but she had no words to give them utterance, and turning away from him, she hid her face in her hands, and burst into a passionate flood of tears—tears that made tremulous the lip that whispered, "You are a good, kind girl, Mary, and may Heaven bless you!"

Annie, for once defiant of the cold, blue eyes of her mother, tied on her bonnet, and announced her intention of accompanying Mills as far as the elmtree. For some minutes they walked on in silence, for the hearts of both were full, and the elmtree was reached before they had scarcely interchanged a word. Pausing in the shadow that fell thin and brokenly across the road, and taking in his the trembling hand of Annie, Mills said, "My past life has been a very hard one, and perhaps I have sometimes thought it harder than it was; for it seems to me, now, that I could be almost happy there, in the old house that I used to think so desolate. Yes, Annie, I am sure I could be happy any where with you."

"You think so now," replied the young girl, half mournfully, half reproachfully, but after you have been gone a little while, you will forget me. No one remembers me or loves me long; and, indeed, there is no reason why they should. I am not pretty, nor accomplished, nor attractive in any way;" and with tears starting to her eyes, she turned away, and would have left him, but that, drawing her to his bosom, and kissing cheek and forehead, he told her how much her doubts of his fidelity did him wrong. He had nothing, he said, to live for but her, and he would live for her and worthy of her. In five years—five little years—he would come back, and they would be so happy!

"And you will think about me, sometimes?"

"Often; but I know, dear Annie, you will; and whenever life seems weary and hopeless, think of the happiness that waits for us in the future."

"I will think of you always, love you always, pray for you always. You know that, Mills," said Annie, passionately; "O, you know it all;" and placing in his hand a small package, she told him not to open it till he reached the place of his destination: "It will, at least," she said, "remind you of me."

He placed it in his bosom, kissed passionately, this time, the unresisting lips, and, with a "God bless you!" falteringly uttered, was gone; and there in the thin shadow of the elm-tree stood the desolate and almost heart-broken girl, watching, O how eagerly! his receding form.

Once, and only once, he paused, looked back, and seeing her still standing just as he left her, turned quickly away, and was soon hidden, by a winding of the road, from her view-O, for how long a time!

"My sister! my dear sister!" said Mary, running to meet her as she returned, "do not cry. It makes me so sad to see your tears!" and putting her arm about her neck, she did all she could to soothe and encourage her; and whether or not she was soothed and encouraged, she seemed to be so, and from that day went about her household tasks much as usual; but though she oftener smiled the sad smile, her step was more listless, her thin cheek more colorless, than before.

And so the time wore on. The last leaves faded off from the woods, that stood naked and desolate against the cold sky; the cattle stood shiveringly about the stack-yards; and the winds moaned in the apple-trees at the door, all day and all night; then came the snow-showers, drifting far and near; and it was winter—dreary and desolate winter.

The hickory logs crackled and glowed on the hearth-stone. Mrs. Heaton busied herself with her knitting. Mr. Heaton mended the old harness, and repaired the farming implements against the coming spring. They should have, he often said, to work harder now; Binder had been of some use to them, and now they must depend upon themselves. The Heatons had always made enough to keep out of jail.

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And all this while Mills had not been heard of. One day, when her father was going to the posttown, or when, from sundry indications, she suspected such to be his intention, Annie, after various efforts, gathered courage to ask him if he would inquire at the post-office for a letter for her. He made no answer—did not even look up from his work, which was the smoothing of an ax-handle with a broken piece of glass; and after waiting

convenient habit of Mr. Heaton's to forget, when remembrance required pecuniary expenditure.

At night, when he laid aside the Bible or the newspaper-and he never read save in one or the other-Mrs. Heaton, never waiting to knit farther than the seam, put away her work, and silently covering the embers, the whole family retired; this part of the domestic discipline being usually enforced about eight o'clock. No marvel that the children of such parents felt their presence a restraint, being actually compelled, not through fear of whips or prisons, it is true, but by a sort of tacit understanding, which they no more dared to violate than the laws of their country, to keep down, when under their observance, all natural emotions, whether of joy or sorrow: thus learning, in youth, to act a part, the fuller development of which leads to the most fatal consequences. The first lessons in hypocrisy are learned at the hearth-stone, and might be learned in the cradle, if the infant mind were capable of receiving or retaining impressions.

If ever, by any possibility, it did chance that Laughter, holding both his sides, found ingress to the domicile of the Heatons, they felt themselves outraged, their dignity insulted and trampled on, and their parental authority cruelly wrested away; and upon all such occasions the observance of a more rigid government followed, for a fortnight at least, in order to bring under due subjection the

spirit of such atrocious rebellion.

Every day, "long ere the morn, in russet mantle clad, walked o'er the dew of the high eastern hills," a smart rap on the door of the chamber dispelled the dreams of the inmates, and called them back to hopeless and cheerless toil—toil without rest or respite—toil that saw, down the long future, no mitigation, and no hope of reward. If ever they wearied of the dull routine, they were asked reproachfully, if in that way they expected to repay their parents for the trouble and anxiety they had cost them.

O, there are sufferings to be endured in the world that take no shape and have no name! Living witnesses of this fact were the children of Joseph Heaton—Samuel, and Annie, and Mary. But there was another inmate of the family of Mr. Heaton—Binder, as every body called him, from his having been apprenticed to Mr. Heaton, but whose real name was Mills Howard—that might also have testified in favor of what I have said.

But the setting of the moon, of which I spoke in the opening of my story, was to usher in a happy day for him—a day that would see his shackles fall—see him Binder no longer, but Mills Howard, a man, and a freeman! No wonder he could not sleep that night; he was too happy. Perhaps, too, there was another cause which helped to keep sleep from his pillow; for he sighed heavily, as the moon went down on the last night of his bondage, and half wished the coming day were not so near.

But Binder was not the only one who watched the going down of that moon, till it was quite lost

in the thick woods, where so many autumns he had gathered ripe nuts and red hawthorn apples to pour into the lap of Annie or Mary; for, whether or not he liked one of the young girls better than the other, he never failed to present any such little offering to whom he first met, though, when given to Annie, he always said, "for you and Mary;" but when Mary received the gift, he rarely mentioned the name of Annie. Certain it is, that her deepblue eyes, from the chamber adjoining his, watched the going down of that moon.

Evidently, too, she was unlike

"A holy hermit dreaming, Half asleep and half awake;"

for her voice had almost a startling clearness and distinctness, though very low, as, laying her hand caressingly on the snowy shoulder of her sister, she called twice or thrice, "Mary, Mary," ere she drowsily answered, "Did you call, Annie? Is it

morning?"

"No, it is not morning. Forgive my calling you; but I could not sleep; I don't know why; and I thought perhaps you might be awake," said Annie, apologetically, as she suffered her head to slip almost from the pillow, till her long, black tresses, falling loosely down, swept the floor. In certain states of mental restlessness, we find a sort of relief, amounting almost to pleasure, in making ourselves physically uncomfortable. Something of this state of feeling was, perhaps, hers; for, without changing her position, she continued, as if talking to herself, "I wish the moon was down. To me, there is always something lonesome in the moonlight;" and, pushing aside the muslin curtains of her bed, the light streamed broad and full over the faces of the two sisters. They were not beautiful, farther than youth and health may constitute beauty.

Annie, the elder, was slightly formed, with deepblue, melancholy eyes, long, heavy tresses of jetty blackness, and that peculiar cast of countenance which made her seem the saddest when she smiled. Her manner was quiet and subdued; ordinarily the result, as most persons would suppose, of unambitious contentment, but arising, in fact, from the want of interest in the things about her, and the consciousness of the utter hopelessness of all effort. She was a dreamer of dreams; and under the calm exterior lay a heart ever rocking to and fro, on the wildest and stormiest waves of passion-love or hate, or joy or sorrow. Rarely, indeed, did she speak of what she felt; when she did, it was with a deep earnestness that moistened her eyes, and with that faint, sad smile, which she seemed to put on as a sort of assurance to herself that she was stronger than she appeared.

Only for the eyes of one-to her,

"Sweetest eyes were ever seen-"

had she put off the deceitfulness of her accustomed manner, and shown herself as she really was, giving utterance to

> Hopes and wishes long subdued, Subdued and cherished long.

In hearing of successful endeavor, in listening to eloquence, in reading chance fragments that embodied her own feeling, she found all her happiness. Sometimes she found a sort of delight in exaggerating the evils of her unfortunate position; calling herself a homeless and wretched wanderer, and fighting terrible battles with imaginary difficulties. Sometimes the glory of a sunset, the beauty of the autumn woods, or the plenty smiling from a field of ripe corn, threw over her heart the spirit of reverent adoration, and to the Father who seeth in secret she poured all her soul in prayer.

But, in other moods of mind, the beauty of the world seemed to her a bitterness and a mockery; and she would pray, if she prayed at all, with a wild eagerness that demanded to be heard and answered, and with outstretched hands, that would fain have pressed open the gates of paradise, defi-

ant of the Omnipotent.

Mary, younger by several years, was of a lighter and gayer temperament, with black, mischief-loving eyes, and thick, glossy ringlets of the same color, the beauty of which she was wont to set off with knots of bright-red flowers, or the shining berries of the honeysuckle—their striking contrast producing a not unpleasing effect.

Fond of showy dress, and a little given to coquetry, she would have been as happy as her nature was capable of being, could the means of gratifying these propensities have been placed within her

reach.

As it was, she was disposed to make the best of circumstances; and, when they were most adverse, she had always a reserve force of laughter upon which to fall back. True, she did not dare to indulge her mirthfulness; but the very knowledge of its being forbidden made the inclination irrepressible, and often, in the presence of her father, screened from his observant eyes by closet, door, or friendly curtain, she would take, what she herself termed a "benefit." Often, too, she gave utterance to feeling she dared not express in her own language, in pious quotations from Psalms and hymns, which she gave with arch expression and reverent voice. In this way she was particularly fond of giving flow to her exuberance of spirit when Binder was at hand; inasmuch as he never failed, by look or gesture, to give assurance that her meaning was received, and her tact fully appreciated. Even Annie was thus sometimes cheated into a real smile. But so opposite were the sisters in character and disposition, that, though all in all to each other now, neither would have been much dependent upon the other for happiness, could they have been placed in circumstances agreeable to their tastes.

So there they lay—those two sisters—under the golden net-work of the moonlight; the black tresses of Annie sweeping from the pillow, and the little white hands of Mary locked behind her own moist curls, revealing a bust of peculiar grace, rounded to the perfect fullness of beauty.

At first they talked of their dreams. Mary had dreamed that a strange gentleman came to the house, and she was without shoes; in her hurry to obtain which she ran over her father's great chair, and for so offending was shut up in the smoke-house; and with the fright of her imprisonment awoke.

"And," she continued, with greater animation, "I dreamed that Binder was gone, and that, as he was going, he asked me for this very curl," pulling one from her forehead, and winding it about her fingers as she spoke. "Wasn't it an odd dream, Annie?"

"I don't know," was the half-pettish answer.

"But what makes you call him Binder? I am sure
he always calls you by your right name."

"No, he don't. He calls me gipsy, and deary, and what not, when father don't hear him."

"I was not aware of his fond epithets."

"Well, then, I was," was the provoking reply; and the sisters relapsed into silence, which was broken at last by Mary, who, conscious of the annoyance her words had been to her sister, said kindly, "What are you thinking of, Annie?"

"I was thinking, as I watched that little glimmer of moonlight on the opposite wall, and saw it lessening, and lessening, and fading out, before the dark, how much it was like all my hopes—gleaming for a moment before me, and then lost and swal-

lowed up in the darkness forever."

"You must not think so; or, even if your hopes be like that, remember it is only gone for a little while, and to-morrow night—for the moon is not yet full will come back larger and brighter than before. O, Annie, I am sure your hopes will grow brighter and brighter. You are so good, so worthy, so wise."

Poor Annie! the fountain of her heart was full, and it only needed a kind word to make it overflow, and, burying her face in her pillow, she wept in silence. And so the moon went down; and when, at length, wiping her eyes with her long tresses, she looked up, the little patch of moonlight had ceased to glimmer on the wall, and all was dark. But folding her arms tightly over her bosom, as if she held beneath their clasp something which the powers of darkness should not wrest away, she said, "You are right, Mary; I will hope."

What a relief to Mary were those few words? she was forgiven; and simply she turned over in her mind a thousand little offices of kindness, which she meant to perform by way of atonement. She knew that she had wounded, and purposely wounded, the sensitive nature of her sister, and she determined to make reparation, without any open confession of error. Perhaps she was not aware herself that such was the fact, as, bending over Annie, she gathered the long, heavy treases away from her forehead, and wound them into the simple knot, in which she was accustomed to wear them, not failing, as ahe did so, to praise their beauty.

When she had smoothed them all away, she said

abruptly, as though the thought had just occurred to her, "O, this is the day that Binder—that Mills is going to leave us! How very lonesome we shall be! But, Annie, he will sometimes write to you, won't he?"

"He says so; but perhaps he will forget it all, when he is away. He will be gone a long while, you know—five years; that is long enough to forget

us all, I am sure."

"Long enough, perhaps, Annie; but I defy him to forget me in that time. I expect to be the same laughing girl, when he comes back, that I am now—not much wiser, I am afraid, but so happy to see him! I wish the time were all gone, and this were the day of his return. Let me see: in five years I shall be just twenty-one—as old as he is now."

"And I," said Annie, with an ill-boding sigh, "shall be twenty-five."

Stealthily the gray light of the morning crept in at the window; and followed, as it was, by the accustomed summons, the sisters arose, Annie in silence, and Mary saying, laughingly,

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During the winter, Samuel, a youth of nineteen, and Mary, went to the district school, so that all domestic cares devolved upon Annie. For her there was no school-time and no holiday. She had, her father was accustomed to tell her, more larnin than her mother, and could not do half so much work. Books would not keep any body out of jail. Samuel, in a spirit of unbounded liberality, he designed to educate; that is, to send him to school for three months every winter, till he should be twenty-one. At the end of that time, if edication could do any good, he hoped Samuel could keep out of jail. But Samuel usually forgot, in the course of the nine months of hard labor, the attainments of the three devoted to study; and so each succeeding winter plodded over pretty much the same ground. But, notwithstanding their slight educational advantages, the children of Mr. Heaton were not without very respectable acquirements, obtained, it is true, "in the sharp school of want," for they had never a sufficiency of any thing save coarse food; but naturally intelligent and observant, and disposed to avail themselves of every opportunity for the acquisition of knowledge, they were, to a degree, self-educated.

And all this while Mills had not been heard of. One day, when her father was going to the posttown, or when, from sundry indications, she suspected such to be his intention, Annie, after various efforts, gathered courage to ask him if he would inquire at the post-office for a letter for her. He made no answer-did not even look up from his work, which was the smoothing of an ax-handle with a broken piece of glass; and after waiting

some time for an answer, she resumed her interrupted task, wondering whether he heard her request; and if he did, whether he would go or not; and if he did go, whether there would be a letter for her. But the solution of none of these wonders being at hand, she tried to wait patiently. For three hours he wrought sedulously at the ax-handle, turning it from side to side, and smoothing the same places over and again. At the end of that time, however, cutting his hand on the piece of broken glass, he took up his hat, and hastily left the house; and Annie-to confess the truth, half glad of the accident, for she thought he would delay his going no longer-called to him, "Stop, father! let me get a piece of linen, and bandage your hand. Only see how it is bleeding!" but taking no notice whatever of the kindly offer, he hurried toward the barn, to get the horse. Thought Annie, "He is going!" and her heart beat quicker.

After the lapse of an hour, however, when Annie began to think he would soon be home again, he returned to the house, not having been away, took up the paper, and began reading the first article, with the evident intention, as his custom was, of reading it all through. The clock struck four: "There is not time to go before tea," thought Annie; "I will prepare it early, and perhaps he will go afterward." Acting upon this suggestion, she had partially effected her arrangements, when Mary came from school, and with face all aglow, inquired if

her father had been to the office.

"No," said Annie; "and he is not going, either;" and she related his very provoking procedure.

"I'll see whether he is not going. There is a letter there, and you shall have it."

"How do you know there is a letter?"

"Because I feel it in my heart; and I intend to have it, too. Let me see: what are we out of?" and running to the cupboard, she commenced rummaging through boxes and bottles, exclaiming, directly, "Good! good! here is no saleratus, and only two or three drawings of tea! Where is mother?" and away she ran to the milk house, saying, "Mother, father is going to the village, and we are out of saleratus and tea. Shall I tell him to get them?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Heaton. "It seems to me we are out very soon. Tell him to get a quarter of

tea, and ten cents' worth of saleratus."

"I don't care how little!" thought Mary; and hurrying back, she said to her father, "If you are going to the village, mother wants you to get some tea and saleratus."

"Mother can make known her own wants," said that gentleman, and continued reading.

"Mother told me to tell you," said Mary, determined not to be baffled; "and I don't know as there is tea enough for supper."

Now Mr. Heaton liked a cup of tea, and Mary knew she had resorted to the last means in her power, and so withdrew, feeling, too, that he would make no motion while she observed him. After some further delay, and when the supper arrangements were nearly completed, Mr. Heaton set out.

It was long after dark before he returned. The supper had waited two hours; the warm biscuits were nearly cold and heavy, and every body, and Annie in especial, out of patience. At last he came; but it was some time before his horse was cared for. Then, laying aside his great-coat, he seated himself before the fire, and spreading his hands before the blaze, waited till twice or thrice called, before going to the table.

Annie looked inquiringly at Mary, and Mary at Annie, but neither ventured to ask what both were so anxious to know; and the supper was concluded

in silence.

"If he has a letter for me," thought Annie, "he will surely give it to me; but he has none; I am sure he has not." But to Mary the suspense had become intolerable, and taking up the sugar-bowl to remove from the table, she said, "Father, did you go to the post-office?" After a minute's silence, father replied that he did, but said nothing further.

Toward the close of the evening, however, he arose, and taking up his great-coat, began fumbling in the pockets. Both the girls were on tiptoe, but destined to a mournful disappointment; for, taking thence the little packages of tea and saleratus, he resumed his seat. Despair came down upon the hearts of the sisters, and they sat before the fire in solemn silence till the evening was quite spent; that is, till Mrs. Heaton covered the embers.

"Come, girls," said Mr. Heaton, "don't be wasting candles to-night and sunlight in the morning;"

whereupon he and his spouse retired.

"Ah, Mary!" said Annie, when they were gone, "you said there was a letter."

"And I believe yet there is," said Mary. "Father, I thought, was half disposed to hand it to you, when he took the tea from his pocket. He had something in his hand, once, I am sure;" and seizing the great-coat, she thrust her hand, first in one pocket, then in the other. Annie was smiling her old, sad smile, and looking at Mary, who, sure enough, drew forth a letter, and holding it up to the light, exclaimed, exultingly, "Post-paid! 'Miss Annie Heaton,' etc."

"O, let me see!" exclaimed Annie, eagerly. "Yes, it is his writing! No, it is a much fairer

hand; it can not be his."

"Break the seal, and see," said Mary, impa-

tiently.

But, as if to torment herself to the last, Annie continued turning it in the light, and examining it in every point of view. Mary trimmed the light,

and drew up her chair close to that of Annie, who, breaking the seal, read as follows:

"Dearest Annie,—I am sitting in a pleasant little room in the Academy of M.; for, you must know, I am become a student. Before me is a table, covered with books, papers, and manuscripts, finished and

unfinished. The fire is burning brightly in the grate, and I am content-almost happy. But to whom am I indebted for all this happiness? Ah, Annie! that little package you gave me at parting! How shall I ever repay you? I will not trouble you now by relating my hard experience for two months after leaving you; for, during that time, I did not unseal the package, which I looked at daily, wondering what it could contain, and pleasing myself with various conjectures. At last, one night, I opened it, and, to my joy and sorrow, discovered its contents to be what only the most adverse fortune could have compelled me to avail myself of. But, with a sense of deep humiliation, I did avail myself of your self-sacrificing generosity. Annie! dear Annie! what do I not owe to you? I still keep the envelop; and, when I return, I intend to bring you the precise amount, as a bridal present, which you have so kindly, so considerately bestowed upon me.

"Close application, this session, will enable me to teach for a part of the time; so that in future I shall be able to rely upon myself. I have some glorious plans for the future, but none of them, Annie, disconnected with you. Every endeavor, every exertion that is made, shall be made with reference to the future that must be ours. And do you think of me often? or ever? Ah, I will not wrong you by the inquiry! I know you do. Well, hope on. Time, faith, energy—these will do for us

every thing.

"And is Mary the same merry-hearted girl? I hope so. For my sake, tell her she must love you very kindly.

"And Samuel—does he miss me, or ever speak of me? He will find some memento, I think, that may serve to remind him of me, in that cabinet of curi-

osities, the cider-press.

"As for Mr. Joseph Heaton, I have no doubt but that he has kept out of jail. Forgive me, Annie, that there are persons I can not forgive. I was greatly edified last Sabbath by a discourse, eloquently given, on forgiveness. The clergyman, young and handsome—Mary, I think, would have fallen in love with him—spoke with a solemn earnestness, indicating his deep conviction of the truth of his doctrine, which was, that we are no where in the Scriptures required to forgive our enemies. Even Christ, he said, only prayed for his enemies, inasmuch as they were ignorant: 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' This idea was curious, and to me new; and I suffered my mind to be relieved, without inquiring very deeply into his theology.

"Forgive this little episode. I did not intend it, but know that I shall not feel myself bound to forgive you in this world or the next, if you forget to love me. It is night—late; and I must close, not to save candles, Annie, but that some sleep is necessary. I shall, perhaps, dream of you."

And with some tender and impassioned hopes and wishes, many promises to write often, many entreaties for punctual responses, and assurances of unending devotion, the letter concluded.

Lighter than it had been for a long while was the heart of Annie Heaton that night and the next day, and for many a day to come. Through her instrumentality the way had been brightened, the wishes facilitated for one to her dearer than all the world beside. How the means of rendering this little assistance chanced, was on this wise: Annie bore the name of her maternal grandmother, and for this honor the good old lady, on her death-bed, did solemnly bequeath and give to her most beloved granddaughter, Annie, a silver watch, which had been the property of her deceased husband. This bequest, not, it is true, for the fashion of these times, was, nevertheless, of some value. A thousand little schemes, all based upon this legacy, had Annie, at different times, revolved over in her mind. None of them, however, had ever been put in execution; and when she saw Binder dismissed friendlessly upon the world, her woman's instinct was quick to suggest that it might be of use to him; and, through means of this, trifle as it was, his present fortunate position had been obtained. What a crown of beauty, hiding away from remembrance a thousand weaknesses and frailties, making bright the saddest eyes, and sweet the faintest smile, in the love of woman! What were home without it! what were man without it! what were the world, or what were all we conceive of heaven, without it! Well and beautifully says one of our own poets:

"Let us drink to the chime of the musical bells,

And to woman-God bless her!-wherever she dwells."

But to our story. Late one afternoon of the summer following the opening of this simple and sad history, as the two girls sat together in the shadow of one of the apple-trees, on the stoop-the one with a book, the painfully interesting story of Eugene Aram, the other attaching a knot of showy ribbon to a snowy and carefully crimpled frill, which, by way of trying the effect, she occasionally put round her neck, smiling, as she did so, in a way that indicated no very deep absorption in the tale to which she was apparently listening-their attention was alike arrested by the sudden drawing up of a very handsome equipage before the gate. The newcomers-a middle-aged, self-sufficient looking man in spectacles, and a pale-faced woman, slightly lame, wearing a dress of black, and inordinately heavy and large earrings-proved to be relatives of Mrs. Heaton, residents of one of the eastern cities, wealthy and what is termed fashionable people, who, now visiting the neighboring city, had taken a fancy to ride into the country, regale themselves with bread and milk, and see how prospered their poor relations.

Mrs. Heaton, not a little proud of her family connections, received them with unusual courtesy, laying her best table-cloth, and untying the honey-jar. Mr. Heaton was not slow in imparting to them the fact, that he had enough to keep him out of jail; to

which the gentleman in spectacles said, "O, yes, sir; yes, sir. We should think so." The lame lady said, "Yes;" that she should think so; and Mrs. Heaton said Joseph had enough, she was sure, if he hadn't quite so much as some folks, to keep him out of jail. "Certainly, madam, certainly," said the gentleman in spectacles; and the lame lady said, "Certainly."

Annie, she scarce knew why, felt half insulted by the visit of her relatives. Their air, manner, and even dress, indicated a strata of society so different from hers—so superior, as she felt, to hers, that she was dissatisfied with herself, and dissatisfied, of course, with them. All their affable overtures to her she regarded as patronizing condescensions, and received with cold and ungracious reserve. "They would not like me, do as I would," she thought, "and I will make no effort to please them." Accordingly, she kept mostly apart from them, often and bitterly repeating to herself,

"Where soil is, men grow, Whether to weeds or flowers; but for me There is no depth to strike in."

Annie was a dull girl, they thought, suited to her position; but Mary was sprightly—quite pretty, withal: it was a pity she had not greater advantages! She, of course, was delighted, and more than delighted, when, toward the conclusion of their visit, she was invited to accompany them home. Mr. Heaton said Mary was of little use at home; Annie would do more work without her; and Mrs. Heaton said, "Yes; Annie would do better without her." Mary said, "It would not be much harder for one than both." So it was determined that she should go.

Such little preparations as she could make were soon made. Annie, wiping the tears from her eyes, looked over her own scanty wardrobe, and selected therefrom whatever was better than the rest, saying, "Take these, too, Mary; I shall not need them;

I shall never go from home, now."

When the motes were dancing in the sunbeams that stretched from the western woods to the old house, Annie was alone. Dimmer and dimmer fell the shadows; darker and darker fell the night; and dimmer and darker than either were her thoughts; when her reverie was broken by Samuel, whom she beheld, pale, and staggering toward her, with one hand bandaged in his pocket handkerchief, through which the blood was streaming, held up in the other.

"O, Samuel! Samuel!" she said, running to meet, and supporting him into the house, "what is

the matter? what have you done?"

He had been reaping in the harvest-field, when an unfortunate slip of the sickle had nearly severed two of the fingers of his left hand. Wrapping his handkerchief about it as he best might, he started to go to the house, when, seeing a gay equipage at the gate, he was impelled to stop. His natural bashfulness, always painfully embarrassing, was increased a thousand-fold by the remembrance of his torn straw hat and patched trowsers; and taking

some sheaves for a pillow, he lay down in the shadow of some briers, to await the departure of the guests, which not occurring till nearly night, he was, as may be supposed, almost fainting from loss of blood, on reaching the house. The village doctor was sent for, and the fingers amputated; and the next morning Samuel was burning with a fever, that grew hotter and hotter, the next day, and the next, and the next.

For six long weeks Annie was his constant watcher and attendant. At the end of that time he began to grow better; but her own overtaxed strength gave way, and for her sick-bed there were no kind hands. True, her mother did what she thought her duty; but duty, with her, required punctual attendance upon all domestic affairs, to the neglect of her sick child. "If you want any thing, Annie," she would say, "you can call me. I can do no good by staying here;" and so the poor girl lay for hours, moaning and fretting, alone.

She had nothing to live for she often said-no desire to live; but, notwithstanding this, at the end of three months she began slowly to recover, and, at the end of six, was quite restored to health, but with the loss of her long black tresses, and the entire blindness of one eye. Sometimes she was cheered by a letter from Mills, who always wrote kindly, but, as the years wore by, spoke less often of the future, and less definitely. He had left the Academy, and engaged in some mercantile pursuit, which promised better for the future than he had ever dared to hope. So the time went by, and the summer faded into the autumn of his return. Mary was coming, too. What a happy meeting they would have! and Annie, despite of her distrustful and despondent nature, gave her heart once more to

Mary came first. Scarcely might you recognize, in the well-bred, showily dressed woman, with her plump, snowy shoulders, covered only with her flood of ringlets, and her fair, round arms gleaming with bracelets, the simple country maiden of five

years ago.

"Do not, Annie, quite crush me," she said, as, on her arrival, she drew herself, coldly, almost haughtily, from her embrace. From that hour she

had no need of a similar reproof.

"In a week more," thought Annie, "Mills will be here, and I shall find consolation;" and a long week was gone, and the long, long expectancy was over. Mills was come; and was he the same Mills from whom she parted, five years before, in the broken shadows of the old elm? Was her dream realized? From their first meeting his manner to her was kindly, very kindly, but most unsatisfactory. He spoke often of his deep indebtedness to her, of his everlasting gratitude, but said little of the future—nothing definite. His time, in fact, was so engaged in rambling through the beautiful autumn woods, playing at graces and the like, with that bewitching gipsy, her sister, that he had little time for serious thought.

One day, seeing them seated together under an orchard-tree, Annie tied on her bonnet, and went out to join them. She walked softly, thinking to surprise them; and, as she came near, Mills, coquetting the while with one of the bright, graceful curls of Mary, said, "I wish, Mary, that Annie were more like you. She is quite too staid and serious; but I suppose she feels the loss of earlier attractions. And, Mary, I wish you would give her some lessons in the mysteries of the toilet: that bright-colored dress of hers is positively shocking!"

Annie waited to hear no more. The last illusion of her dream was over. And when Mary's visit at home was ended, she was not surprised to hear Mills announce his intention to accompany her back. Only for one moment her heart beat quicker, and hope threw over her its mocking glow, when, as he took leave, Mills put into her hand the selfsame envelop which inclosed her parting gift five years before; but, alas! it contained only a note of similar value, reiterations of gratitude for the past, and many kind hopes and wishes for the future-a mockery all!

And Annie Heaton lived on-hopelessly, aimlessly. Few persons knew her-none loved her. All that autumn, and for many succeeding autumns, she saw the moonlight stealing through her window, gleaming and trembling on the opposite wall, and at last fading out before the darkness, thinking ever, "Yes, it was like my hopes!"

#### GALLANTRY.

BY ALFRED HOLSBOOK.

THE term gallantry, according to Webster's quarto, has some considerable latitude of signification. I shall only consider it in the sense of his fourth definition; namely, " Polite attention to females."

That gallantry is entirely right and proper, none but a savage or a boor will, for a moment, question. Still, the reasons on which its propriety are based are not so palpable as to preclude investigation, nor so cogent as to enforce themselves on all of the male sex.

The perfection of man's nature is the more effectually secured by its duality. As in other departments of nature, harmony is richer and sweeter in contrasts than in congruities, so, in human nature, the blending of contrasts, and the union of complements, is the exhaustless fount of the most exquisite delight. Does perfect unison in sounds, for instance, yield the sweetest strains of music? or do we find even discords contributing to highten the effect of perfect harmony? What pleasure would a picture yield beaming with light, and light alone, however strong or refulgent? It is the commingling of light and shade, in just proportion, that constitutes the skill and beauty of the art. So the noble physical attributes of manhood are not complete, even though attended with equal mental vigor and acumen. The masculine requires, as its indispensable concomitant and complement, the blendings and reflections of feminine gentleness and grace. Gallantry is, then, but the embellishment of masculine energy-the completion of man-

If the individual is incomplete of himself, what should we say of society made up of equally unbending materials? What could be the result, but continual clashing and crashing of inflexibles, the perpetual collision of irresistibles against immovables? We have the exemplification of such a state of things, to some extent, in California, at the present time, in the form of incessant and innumerable broils, robberies, and murders. Society consisting entirely of such materials will speedily annihilate itself. The only method, then, of correcting such evils, or, in other words, of reducing such hordes of savages, however energetic, shrewd, and enterprising they may be, to the forms and facts of humanity, is sufficiently apparent.

That gallantry is highly laudable, is nothing more than the truism that virtue is praiseworthy. Under some of its forms, however, it seeks and has its reward, and that reward far otherwise than the approbation of the good. For example, when young Loveland, kneeling in a bower before widow Goodrich, who owned many broad acres, asserted, again and again, "I love the very ground you stand on," he obtained his due, in her reply, "I rather think you do, John, so long as I stand on my own land."

Such gallantry is sufficiently prevalent and too well understood to need any particular animadversion from me; but true gallantry is not so generally practiced that its commonness should preclude praise. It exhibits itself toward a sister or mother, as well as to any other pretty friend. It is manifested toward a stranger, even though she should not possess the requisite amount of personal attraction to compel it. It gives unequivocal evidence of its character when directed by a white toward a lady of color, tinged or dyed with the African hue.

I have heard much of the gallantry and chivalry of the south. But away with such gallantry, whether north or south, as crushes female virtue, whether by the arts of duplicity, or the right of iniquitous law. The miscreant pretender should be branded with the mark of Cain, and driven with the scowl of abhorrence from all decent

If there is any man who presents stronger claims than another to my confidence and respect, it is he who, faithful to his vows and his duty, cherishes, as his inner heart, that being who has confided her all to his keeping. If there is any one who, beyond all others, drains the last dregs of my contempt, it is he who, in violation of such a trust, only equals his treachery by his meanness, in treating with neglect or unkindness the only being whom he has ever pledged himself to protect and love.

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#### DR. J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

BY REV. J. C. FLETCHER.

On the southern shore of the blue Lake of Geneva is a modest residence, embowered in foliage, seeming to have in its medium dimensions the comfort and quiet of a happy home. This is the residence of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, the author of the "History of the Reformation." His name is well known in the United States; and there is scarcely a town, however remote, where his work on the Reformation is not found. We call him in this country "D'Aubigné;" but in his native land-Switzerland-he is only known as Monsieur Merle, an evangelical dissenting minister of the Gospel, and the President of the Theological Seminary called the Oratoire. It has always been a matter of surprise to me, that the translators of his history in this country should have committed such a blunder, as to entitle it "D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation," when any one, the least acquainted with the French language and its usage in regard to proper names, would have known that a Frenchman, to show to what particular branch of a family he belonged, would write after his own name the apellation of the castle or ancestral hall, or Swiss native city or province. Suppose that Noah Webster had been in the habit of writing his name, "of New Haven," in order to distinguish himself from Daniel Webster, of Marshfield: we, in that case, would have deemed it very singular if his Dictionary had been published with this title, " Of New Haven," or " New Haven's Dictionary." Now, the literal translation of "D'Aubigne" is, "of Aubigné." It would be well, then, if our publishers would remove the present title, and replace it by one more in accordance with truth and common sense. But, as names are "arbitrary things," it is better to leave their consideration, and glance at a pen-and-ink sketch of Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.

He is descended from a noble family in France, which was distinguished among the Huguenots for its devotion to the cause of the Reformation. One of his ancestors was one of the most remarkable men of the sixteenth century. It may be well to mention a few items of his life. This was Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, the son of an ardent Huguenot; and his zeal for Protestantism, after the conversion of Henry IV, showed what kind of blood ran in his veins. He was a man of great and precocious talents. He entered, at an early age, into the ranks of the Prince Condé, and soon offered his services to the King of Navarre, afterward Henry IV, who appointed him chamberlain, marshal, and vice-admiral of Guienne and of Betague. He was most intimate with the King, and always spoke his mind with great frankness and brusquerie. He was one of his most valiant and useful companions of war; and, when success had crowned their efforts, he remained the sincere friend of Henry, for whom he had done more than any other single

individual to place him upon the throne. He saw with a foreboding eye the conversion of Henry IV to Catholicism; but he preserved firmly his ardent attachment to Protestantism, and openly defended, on every occasion, his co-religionists. He was singularly bold and audacious in his speech, and spared neither his sovereign, his remonstrances, nor his wrath. He made no scruple to accuse Henry directly for his feebleness in deserting the Protestants, for his ingratitude to some of his best subjects, and for his dissipations. A person so bold in battle, so firm in religion, we would naturally suppose capable of wielding a powerful pen. His writings prove this; and some of his pamphlets and books are eloquent, and often sublime. He retired to Geneva in his old age, and there died in 1630. His children remained in France; and two of his grandchildren figured largely at the court of Louis XIV-that monarch who loved to surround himself with all that was gorgeous and beautiful. One of these grandchildren was the celebrated Madame Maintenon, the Marquise of Aubigné, and the wife of the proud French King. The other was her brother, who also had the affix of Aubigné. The latter was the great great grandfather of the subject of our sketch. Dr. J. H. Merle, of Geneva.

Dr. Merle is a native of Geneva, and is one of a large family. Two of his brothers are in the United States—one has been for many years Swiss consul at New Orleans, and the other has resided some twenty or thirty years at New York, and is a partner in the well-known house of Chauteau, Merle & Sanford. At an early age Merle d'Aubigné went through a course of study in the celebrated University of Geneva. He was destined for the ministry; and, after finishing his classical course, entered the theological department founded by John Calvin, or some of his cotemporaries, but which has departed far from the evangelical faith of the early reformers. Church and state together will always produce the fruits of intolerance and spiritual deadness. The full effect of that union is most plainly seen in the various countries of Europe at this day. We need not glance at Italy, with its magnificent cathedrals, nor Russia, with the splendor of her Kremlins and semi-Pagan temples, to find a heartless worship and a cruel intolerance; but we discover the same results in the plainer churches of Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, and England. Doctrines may be ever so orthodox and evangelical; but if they have not their dwellings in the heart, as well as in the head, of what use is their orthodoxy? and where there exists a union of Church and state, whether Protestant or Catholic, the admission to the Church requires only certain qualifications of age, and not the regeneration of the soul by the Holy Ghost. We can thus easily see how that it would only be necessary for two or three generations to pass away before the whole community would become a set of empty and intolerant formalists. Thus the Church of Geneva had become when the young Merle d'Aubigné entered its theological seminary; thus it remains to

this day. Socinianism or Unitarianism, if any thing, reigned supreme; and there was a perfect deadness as far as all vital piety was concerned. There were, however, a few exceptions; but they met with nothing but intolerant treatment. It has been said, that "the professor of divinity, at that time in the University of Geneva, instead of teaching the students the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, confined himself to lecturing on the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and similar topics. Instead of the Bible, he gave them quotations from the writings of Seneca and Plato. These were the two saints whom he delighted to hold up to the admiration of his students." One of the very few evangelical ministers then left in Geneva wrote a work on the divinity of Christ; and to such an extent did the opposition to the truth prevail, that it is said the present evangelical historian of the Reformation and his fellow-students were induced to meet together, and issue a declaration against the work and its pious author.

About this time Mr. Robert Haldane, a most remarkable Scotch Christian, in the providence of God, came to Geneva. Switzerland is the great center of travel for Europeans, and especially for the English. Many of them bring their families, and, having but moderate means, rent some of the beautiful campagnes which border the lovely Lake of Geneva; and here they spend the remainder of their days, where expenses are less, society is good, and they are surrounded by the most delightful of scenery. Robert Haldane was a Christian who always wished to do something for his Master, whether at home or abroad. He had learned of the low state of piety in the once orthodox city of Geneva, and, although at first but little acquainted with the French language, he determined to go forward, trusting in the aid of the divine Spirit to endeavor to implant in the minds of some the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, uncorrupted by the dogmas of men.

He invited a number of the students to meet him at "his own hired house." This number increased, till, at length, eighteen assembled regularly to hear about justification by faith and a divine Redeemer. Such was the teaching of that faithful man of God, that no less than sixteen out of the eighteen were converted! Among these was the young Merle d'Aubigné; the Rev. Adolphe Monod, the eloquent evangelical pastor of the Protestant Church at Paris, called the Oratoire; and Felix Neff, the Alpine pastor, whose life was devoted to going about and doing good. Felix Neff is always spoken of by the Swiss as the bien-aimé, the "well beloved:" and when the present writer was among the Waldenses, that long-persecuted yet faithful people of God, they spoke of Felix Neff with the deepest affection; for he had visited them in their shut-up valleys and mountain homes, and had there preached the same truth for which their ancestors had poured martyrs' blood. This revival had been greatly aided by the then recent conversion of an eloquent professor and preacher in the University, the now venerable Dr. Malan, pastor of the evangelical Church of the Witness at Geneva.

From the University Merle d'Aubigné repaired to Berlin, in Germany. Here new temptations and trials attacked him, in the shape of the Rationalistic sophisms and vain philosophy, which has well-nigh extinguished true piety in the home of the Reformation-the land of Luther and Melancthon. Dr. Merle has recently given to the world an account of the conflicts through which he passed and his final establishment in the Gospel. After his conversion to God, and after he had commenced to preach Christ with fullness of faith, he was so assailed and perplexed, in coming into Germany, by the sophisms of Rationalism, that he was plunged in unutterable distress, and passed whole nights without sleeping, crying to God from the bottom of his heart, or endeavoring by arguments and syllogisms to repel the attack of the adversary. In his perplexity, he visited Klücker, a venerable divine at Kiel, who, for forty years, had been defending Christianity against the attacks of infidel theologians and philosophers. Before this admirable man D'Aubigné laid his doubts and difficulties for solution. Instead of solving them, Klücker replied, "Were I to succeed in ridding you of these, others would soon rise up. There is a shorter, deeper, and more complete way of annihilating them. Let Christ be really to you the Son of Godthe Savior-the author of eternal life. Only be firmly settled in his grace, and then these difficulties of detail will never stop you; the light which proceeds from Christ will dispel all darkness."

This advice, followed, as it was, by a study, with a pious traveler at an inn in Kiel, of the apostle's expression, "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," relieved him from all his difficulties. After reading together this passage, they prayed over it. "When I arose from my knees in that room at Kiel," says Dr. Merle, "I felt as if my wings were renewed as the wings of eagles. From that time forward I comprehended that my own syllogisms and arguments were of no avail-that Christ was able to do all by his power that worketh in me; and the habitual attitude of my soul was to be at the foot of the cross, crying to him, 'Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do any thing to get away from the enemy that oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it, thou wilt do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask.' I was not disappointed. All my doubts were dispelled; and not only was I delivered from that inward anguish, which, in the end, would have destroyed me had not God been faithful, but the Lord extended to me peace like to a river. If I relate these things, it is not my own history alone, but that of many pious young men, who, in Germany and elsewhere, have been assailed by the raging waves of Rationalism. Many, alas! have made shipwreck of their faith, and some have even violently put an end to their lives." Such was the

conversion and establishment in the faith of one who was destined to write the history of those men by whom, and of that era in which, the doctrine of justification by faith was rendered the prominent

doctrine of evangelical Christendom.

The idea of writing the history of the Reformation occurred to Merle d'Aubigné while on his way to Berlin. The best account that we have seen of the germ of his great work is that of Dr. Cheever, of New York, who spent some time in Switzerland a number of years ago. He says that the historian "had passed through the little town of Eisenach, which was the birthplace of Luther, and was visiting the castle of the Wartberg, where the great reformer had been, at such a critical period, safely imprisoned from his enemies. He gazed upon the walls of the cell which Luther occupied. How many men of piety, of learning, of genius have stood and gazed in like manner! But in the mind of D'Aubigne a great thought was arising; the drama of the lives of the Reformers passed in vision before him; what if he should write the history of the Reformation! The impulse was strengthened by reflection; he devoted himself to ecclesiastical researches; and so the providence of God led him to the commencement, as we trust it will keep him for the completion, of that great work."

His "History of the Reformation" will constitute, in after times, one of the curiosities of literature. It is set forth with the charms of a beautiful, descriptive style, and a vivid imagination; but, above all, there is a heavenly-mindedness and a spirituality about it which makes it a profitable book for the soul. It is the last qualification, together with the fewness of the truly pious, evangelical French Christians, which has caused this work to be so little read in the language in which it was written. While four thousand copies have been sold in France, Switzerland, and Belgium, more than four hundred thousand have been disposed of where the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken! The cost in France is about five or six times as great as with us, and this may account, in some measure, for its limited sale. The last volume that was published was first issued in the English language; and in our own country there are no less than five or six rival editions. Go into the log-cabin of the backwoodsman, and you will find it the delight of the evening hour and of the day of holy rest.\* Enter the parlor of the literati of our eastern cities, and you will find it the ornament of the center-table. Every-where it is a book the Christian delights in.

and of the day of holy rest.\* Enter the parlor of the literati of our eastern cities, and you will find it the ornament of the center-table. Every-where it is a book the Christian delights in.

It has been severely handled by some German critics on the ground of want of authority, and too much use of the imagination. It may be that, in so

\*Some two years ago, in an obscure county in Indiana, I entered the humble dwelling of one of the early settlers. Among the few books which composed his little library were the four volumes of the "History of the Reformation," which the good

man told me was one of his greatest favorites. I had the pleasure, a few months afterward, to narrate the circumstance

to the reverend author, at Geneva, Switzerland.

large a work, errors have crept in; that there were many manuscripts and authorities, throwing great light upon those Reformation times, to which Dr. Merle has not or could not have had access; it may be, too, that his imagination has made him, at times, color too highly certain characters; but still, with all its faults, it will be read, while the cumbersome, and dull, and unevangelical works of jealous authors will rest in the dusty alcoves of public libraries, untouched, unperused. Its faults can be removed, but we trust its spirit never. "It is precious for the clearness and power with which it presents the work of the Spirit of God, especially in tracing the deep conflict and experience of Luther, Zuinglius, and others; the great process of inward and external trial, through which God carried them to fit them for the part he would lead them to perform." He has not yet completed his history; but may God spare him to accomplish it! may he be preserved from the pride of worldly fame, and from the flatteries which are heaped upon him by nearly all who visit him in his home on Lake Geneva!

## MOUNT CARMEL.

BY REV. BESROW VINCENT.

Loved Mount! of ancient fame!
Now rugged and forlorn,
We cherish still thy hallowed name,
Though of thy glory shorn.
What, though the bramble low
Thy lonely sides intwine!
Still scattered o'er thy haunts do grow
The olive and the vine.
What, though the infidel,
Like Volney, vent his spleen!

These relics of the past reveal
Thy venerated sheen.
What, though thy towering hight

Present no verdant hue!
'Twas once the scene of dear delight
To many a wondering Jew.
From thee, in distant space,

Appeared the hills and seas; The Kishon played along thy base, And Sharon's balmy breeze.

Here, on thy lofty crown,
Were gathered Israel's hosts;
And here Elijah's God came down,
And silenced Baal's boasts.

Thine "excellency" sung
Isaiah, and Sharon's, too,
As the Redeemer's kingdom hung
On his prophetic view.

Long may thy summit rise,
Though naked and untrod,
To point the way, through milder skies,
Up to the mount of God!

#### RAMBLES IN EUROPE.

BY REV. M. TRAFFON.

LONDON! Remember you what that sweet poet, Cowper, says of this Babel?

"London ingulfs them all. The shark is there,
And the shark's prey! There the sycophant, and he
Who with bareheaded and obsequious bows
Begs a warm office, doomed to a cold jail,
And great per diem, if his patron frown.
O, thou resort and mar of all the earth,
Checkered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes! I can laugh
And I can weep, can hope and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee.
Ten righteons would have saved a city, once;
And thou hast many righteous. Well for thee,
That salt preserves thee!"

I was awakened early in the morning by the striking of one of the many city clocks, which are constantly "taking note of time," and I could scarcely realize that I was in London. Outside the din had commenced: bells, 'busses, beggars, and breadcarts were passing by in a ceaseless tide. Under my window a hoarse, horrible voice was crying for old clothes. It was a Jew. Had he heard that a Yankee had arrived, and must cast off his outer apparel, and clothe himself in garments of civilization? Breakfast over and prayers, our work may be taken in hand. For what are we here? To see London, of course. Well, if you would see London, you must work, and that by a plan. You must have "method in your madness." One may start and walk all day, and see nothing but houses. You must draw up a plan of visitation; and we found the better way to be, to make your own plan, not depending too much upon Murray's Guide-Book.

My first wish was, to see some places and things not put down in any guide-book. "Where is City Road Chapel?" My map points out to me the great thoroughfare, City Road, and then I see Bunhill Fields is on that road—enough for half a day. We seized our canes, and were off.

City Road Chapel must have been a long way out of the city, when built, for it is in a part of the city quite modern, and a long walk from the center of this Babel. We found it sitting back some three or four rods from the street. On the right, as you enter, is the house built and occupied, when in London, by Mr. Wesley, and in which he died. I wished much to enter the room in which that wonderful man triumphed over death; but, though I expressed the wish to the preachers whom I met, I did not gain admission. On the left of the yard is a house occupied by the "man of all work," that is, a local preacher, who is hired by the society to read prayers in the chapel, to visit the sick, and attend funerals.

Behind the chapel is the church-yard, where are quietly sleeping some of the true heroes of earth, who have laid aside their armor, and are enjoying the fruits of victory. How one feels, standing for the first time by the grave of Wesley, and Clarke, and Watson, and Benson—men who "hazarded their lives unto the death"—men of renown—men who will live forever—whose works follow them! I spent some time in this little church-yard, among the silent but eminent dead. I then wandered across the street into Bunhill Fields burying-ground, to dream awhile with Bunyan, the prince of dreamers. And now, what voices I heard in those old homes of the illustrious dead—what forms I saw—what communications I received from the spirit-world, I shall never tell to any one; and for the prince of reasons—I can not. It was a great day for me.

Oity Road Chapel, in its interior, is well represented by the picture which most of your readers have seen, of Mr. Wesley and four hundred preachers in conference assembled. I subsequently saw over six hundred preachers assembled in it, transacting conference business. Around the walls are marble slabs, erected to the memory of the illustrious dead of the Methodist society—a practice I should like to see introduced among us. Why not? It is burying them in the churches, but remembering them there.

Returning from this visit to these points of interest, we found ourselves inquiring for the Bank of England, and soon we were in front of it-a building not at all imposing, covering a large space, but irregularly built, and necessarily so, as it was built at different periods, and of course combining all varieties of architecture, from the most simple to the most elaborate. The first building was opened for business, June 1, 1734. As business increased, wings were added, till, in 1788, the building was cast in its present form. The rotunda is a magnificent octagonal room, fifty-seven feet in diameter; but the dome which surmounts it is not of sufficient hight to exhibit the grandeur which was intended. In this building are employed eleven hundred clerks, besides the officers. This may give one an idea of the business transacted in this great heart of a world's commerce. The Bank of England is known and felt all over the world, and a Bank note is current any where. A coarse and rough-looking piece of paper, you would say; "it comes in such a questionable shape," that you must pause, ere you grasp it; but one who has seen it once, will not hesitate. These notes are never issued the second time. When they come into the Bank, they are destroyed, and a peculiar water mark prevents counterfeiting. The greatest curiosity is a clock over the hall, which is connected by rods with no less than sixteen dial-plates in as many different offices, by which true time is at once indicated.

Not far from the Bank we come to the noted Centenary Hall, built by the centenary collections commemorative of the rise of Methodism. As the conference was in session, the ministers were all in attendance there, and I found only a waiting-man in attendance. You know much has been written by the reformers about the extravagance of the old body, and they were accused of having men in

tivery about these rooms. And a certain D. D., not of us, states that he was met at the door by a man in livery. But I saw nothing of this—all was plain. I marched straight in, opening a door on the left, and found myself in one of the Secretary's rooms, in which were some glass cases, containing various relies of the olden times, among which I observed Mr. Wesley's little riding-whip. I hardly began my examination, before a boy came in to say that visitors were not allowed in that room; but he was too late. I had the nine parts in law—namely, possession; and I told him I would leave when I had finished my examination; as the door was not locked, I was not an intruder.

Ascending a flight of stairs, I entered the large hall, or reception-room, with long tables, and pictures ornamenting the walls. The portraits and prints of the preachers hung all around—ancient and modern, old and young, distinguished and obscure, were there; but among them I looked in vain for one, who, on the western side of the Atlantic at least, enjoys an unfading reputation. Unless placed there since I left, no portrait of Dr. Adam Clarke is found there. There is a reason for this, which I will not now name. The history of humanity leads us often to say, "Poor human nature! thy glory is departed!"

In another large room I found benches arranged for meetings of various kinds. On the whole, it is a fine building, and does honor to the liberality

of the English Methodists.

Near what is called the London Bridge, I came to the Monument, erected to commemorate the great fire of 1666, which nearly destroyed London. I met the everlasting call, at the entrance, of, "Sixpence, sir." But, before we ascend, let us pause a moment, and look at the exterior. It is a fluted column, of the Doric order, and designed by Sir Christopher Wren. It is two hundred and two feet high; and this is the distance from the spot where the fire commenced, in a small baker's shop. The base is forty feet high, and twenty-eight feet square. The shaft is one hundred and twenty feet high, hollow, and contains a staircase of three hundred and forty-five steps, which, after many groans and pauses, brings you to the balcony, on which rests an urn forty-two feet high, with flames bursting out on all sides. On the faces of the pedestal are inscriptions, one of which gives an account of the fire. Another says, it was the work of the Papists, and a part of a "horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty.' James II erased this inscription; but when William III came to the throne, he caused it to be cut in so deeply, that he supposed no Catholic chisel would ever again obliterate it. But, a few years since, a vote of the corporation struck it out forever; for so Catholic and so insane with Popish nonsense has England become, that it would be no wonder if the Monument were blown up, and the Tower converted into an inquisition. I found, on reaching the balcony, that all around was a net-work of iron; so that you must peer out into the smoke of London through the grates. The cause of this I learned to be, that formerly many persons took it into their heads to jump over the balustrade and try to fly, but they all would light upon the ground, and, after a downward flight of one hundred and seventy-five feet, it was not easy lighting! As many as six persons committed suicide here between the years 1750 and 1842; and the authorities, to put a stop to it, inclosed the balcony with this grating. The view from this monument would be fine, if you could get a clear day and the smoke could be removed; but as it is, you pay your sixpence, and climb the hight, to come down again.

I was walking down a narrow street, when I came suddenly upon an old church "not laid down in my chart;" and, as I was looking for antiquities, and not modern affairs, I determined to search this out, if possible, and, "when found, make note of." I was impressed with an old gate, leading, as I suppose, to the church-yard, over which was this

inscription:

"This gate was built at the charges, of Wm. Avernon, citizen and goldsmith of London, who

died December, Anno 1631."

After inquiring at a number of places, I was at last directed up a narrow, dark lane, where I found an old lady, who officiated as sexton. She took a large bunch of keys, and we made our way to the church. This is the only church which escaped the great fire, and it stood, begrimed and scorched, alone in the desolation of that terrible scene. This church is called St. Katherine Cree. This word Cree is supposed to be a corruption of Christ's Church. When it was originally built no one knows. The original church was pulled down in 1107, and this was repaired in 1628, and we know no more of it. There it stands; and you must make the most of it.

Entering, you are struck with the odd jumble of architectural styles—a church of odds and ends; some is modern; some defies research, running back to an age dark as the origin of Rome. But the dead are here, as in all their old churches—the dead of remote antiquity. In the wall, on the left of the pulpit, is an old tomb, surmounted by a marble bust large as life. It is the tomb of Nicholas Throkmorton, who was tried for participating in the insurrection of Wyatt, during the reign of Mary; but his eloquence saved him. I copied the following from a tablet over the tomb:

"Here lysth ye body of Sir Nicholas Throkmorton, kt., ye fourth son of George: which Sir Nicholas was chief butier of England, ans of the Chamberlaynes of the exchequier, ambassador Lygnar to the Queen's maj. Elisabeth in Fraunce ons, and into Scotland twyce. He marryed Anne Carwe, kt. & begat by her ten sons & three daughters. He died ye 12 dawe of Feb., in ye year of our Lord God, 1000, 500, 3 score and 10, being of ye age of fifty & 7 yrs."

After wandering about the aisles of this old edifice till the old sexton was out of patience, I departed, filled with musings of the past. How many times has death emptied this old church, and as often has it filled again! You are carried back to

the infancy of this great realm, when neither civil nor religious liberty was understood or enjoyed—when the Bible was a sealed book, and an ignorant priesthood led a more ignorant people at their will. What astonishing changes have passed over society, since the first congregation of semi-savages assembled on this spot for the avowed purpose of worshiping God!

# MAY-DAY.

BY REV. EDWARD M'CLURE.

"Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue, voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold."

THE custom of observing the first of May as a holiday is a very old one, and is borrowed from the Romans. On the calends of this month, each family sacrificed to their household gods, and crowned them with wreaths and chaplets of flowers.

The manner of keeping May-day in Ireland is said to be a relic of Pagan times, and seems to be peculiar to all nations of Celtic origin. It is probable that recent events of a political and social character have set aside, or greatly diminished, the joyous hilarity of this festival, formerly one of the greatest holidays of the year. But to those who have ever witnessed its celebration in Erin's isle, it must always be associated with gay thoughts and pleasant memories. It makes one think of those early days, when the spring-time of life and the vernal season were so full of happiness—when youth had its golden dreams, and May its golden flowers.

Let us attempt a brief description of its festivities. For some days previous all is excitement in the Irish village. The old men collect around them groups of young people, to whom they tell exaggerated stories-how their fathers had kept the national customs, and how happy Ireland was when the round towers were in their glory, and the great Beltane fire was kindled on every hill. The maidens busied themselves in preparing dresses, and weaving garlands of flowers for the men; the males in arranging music, and selecting the finest tree for a May-pole. At length, when the morning dawned, a procession was formed of four or five hundred men, all dressed in white, and decorated, not only with the ever-favorite green bough, but with rosettes, bright metal ornaments, and flowers arranged in the most fantastic, yet agreeable manner. The hat, or some light substitute of curious form, was always attractive and picturesque in its appearance-it was literally covered with the choicest flowers, and sometimes plumed with eagles' feathers. Led by their marshals, and preceded by a band of music, this gay company advanced in military style; and between their parallel lines the May-pole was carried, in a horizontal position,

through the principal streets of the village. On the main trunk of the tree was seated some rude minstrel, with the national harp, or, more commonly, the bagpipe-a kind of instrument still very popular with the lower classes of Irish, as well as among the Highland Scots, and without which, it is said, a certain Scotch regiment refused to "charge" at the battle of Waterloo. Arrived at the appointed place, the tree, like every thing else on this occasion, was decked with garlands and festoons, that hung amid the green foliage. It was then raised with cheers and great rejoicings. The rest of the day was spent in feasting, marching, music, and song-in dancing round the May-pole, crowning the May-queen, and, at night, a bonfire, with a grand torch-light procession.

In most countries where the day was observed, a general resemblance of drapery may be perceived. The ancients represented May by a youth with a lovely countenance, with a robe of white and green, embroidered with daffodils, violets, and the blossoms of the thorn; on his head a garland of white and damask roses; with a lute in one hand, and a nightingale on the forefinger of the other. Doubtless, the English festivities of a few centuries back might better accord with this idea than those which have prevailed more recently. Nevertheless, even in England the same love of rural recreation, the same passion for floral adornment, and the same desire to celebrate the return of spring, was kept up till within a very few years. Here the custom was, for the juvenile part of both sexes to form congenial parties, and very early in the morning to go "Maying," as it was called. Accompanied with music, they went into the country, and, from the neighboring woods and meadows, collected green boughs, with a profusion of water-lilies, blue-bottles, violets, and the sweet primrose that "peeps beneath the thorn;" sometimes the lilac, and even the young apple blossom, were added without the "gardener's" leave. And now all hands proceed to some hospitable farm-house near by, where the good housewife is always an early riser, but particularly so on May morning, when city friends are likely to call, and need refreshment. Curds and whey are always the favorite dish on May morning. Nay, smile not, gentle reader, as if this were a thing altogether beneath your taste; for we can assure you, on the word of Professor Wilson-no mean authority in such matters—that it is by no means to be despised-indeed, that it is worthy of your own fair lips. Hear him, as he describes a similar entertainment at the Manse, while seated, with a numerous group, beneath the shadow of the old SYCAMORE-TREE-called by him the GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT-" Each guest drew closer to his breast the deep plate rather more than full of curds, many million times more deliciously desirable even than blanc-mange, and then filled to overflowing with a blessed outpouring of creamy richness that tenaciously descended from an enormous jug, the peculiar expression of whose physiognomy, particularly

the nose, we will carry with us to the grave." Having paid the compliments of the season to curds and whey, the youthful party adorned themselves with bouquets and crowns of flowers, and, in the rosy light of dawn, returned home, where mantlepiece, doors, and windows were made to triumph

in the flowery spoil.

O, blessed Spring! thou art ever welcome to those who dwell beneath a northern sky! And though we may not celebrate thy return with Pagan rites, or the coronation of May-queen, yet, as thou art nature's own festival, crowned and beautified by the efflorescence of a divine Mind, therefore, let us rejoice and sing with the eastern bard, "For lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs; and the vines with the tender grapes give a goodly smell." A short time since, such was the effect of the cold, wintery air, that we could only indulge in previsions of the coming summer, and sigh with Thomson,

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!
And from the bosom of you dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, vailed in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

And now that it has come, how glorious is the change! The air is perfumed by the sweet-brier. Spice-wood and sassafras give out their fragrance. The meadows are enameled with clover-blossoms; the prairies are covered with wild flowers. The woods are gay with the clustered whiteness of flowering shrubs; the trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure. The young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves. How rich are the golden-tinted petals and the purple buds that are every-where bursting into life!

May! beautiful May! is here—chief glory of the vernal months. She comes with starry pencil, dipped in iridean colors, to variegate the landscape, and give man a picture of his lost Eden. Her voice of song, and breath of balm, communicate the soft, invisible, yet all-subduing fire of love, and nature thrills with ecstasy through all her powers. The

trees of the forest are alive!

"The cedar, pine, and everlasting oak, Rejoicing on the mountains, clap their hands!"

Their branches wave a triumphant welcome, as the glorious Spirit of the universe passes by. Therefore, let us all rejoice in thy smile, thou herald of the coming summer! May thine influence upon our hearts be bland, elevating, pure! and, while thou dost captivate the senses, may the soul be drawn out in sympathy and communion with its God!

Few things are necessary for the wants of this life, but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

#### PROPHECIES.

BY MISS PECESE CARBY.

An urn within her clasped hands,
Brimful, and running o'er with dew,
Spring on the green hills smiling stands,
Or walks in pleasant valley-lands,
Through sprouting grass and violets blue.
And but this morn, almost before
The sunshine came its leaves to gild,
In the old elm that shades our door,

O, time of flowers! O, time of song!
How does my heart rejoice again;
For pleasant things to thee belong;
And desolate, and drear, and long,
To me was winter's lonesome reign:
Since last thou trodd'st the vale and hill,
And nature with delight was rife,
A shadow strange, and dark, and chill,
Has hung above my house of life.

There came a timid bird to build.

But now I see its blackness drift
Away, away, from out my sky;
And, as its heavy folds uplift,
There shines upon me, through the rift,
A burning star of prophecy:
My heart is singing with the birds,
Life's orb has passed from its colinge.

Life's orb has passed from its eclipse; And some sweet poet's hopeful words Are always, always, on my lips.

O, thou who lov'st! O, my friend!
Whate'er thy fears, where'er thou art,
As these soft skies above thee bend,
Does not their pleasant sunshine lend
A gleam of sunshine to thy heart?
Sweet prophecies through all the day
Within my bosom softly thrill,
And, while the night-time wears away,
My sleep with pleasant visions fill.

And I must whisper unto thee,
Thou, who hast waited long in vain;
Though distant still the day may be,
It shall be in our destiny,
To tread the self-same path again;
And over hills, with blossoms white,
Or lingering by the singing streams,
That path shall wander on in light,

Look on! look on!
Yes, though thy future may be dim or dark,
A light may kindle from a tiny spark:
Then trust and fear not—press on toward the mark.
Look on! look on!
Look up! look up!
A Father's loving eye o'erlooketh all;

And life be happier than our dreams!

Nay, more—he all upholds, however small; Unknown to him a sparrow can not fall. Look up! look up!

## THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1851.

AN EVENING WITH THE TELEGRAPH.

On arriving at the ——station, I found that my luggage, which was to have been sent on from town, had not arrived. There was no time to be lost, and on applying to the superintendent of the station, an order was given to make inquiries at London by means of the telegraph. Impatient to get some information about the missing baggage, I strolled to the electric-telegraph office, to hear what was the answer received. But no satisfactory information had as yet been obtained; on the contrary, nothing at all was known about the matter. I wanted another message sent up to town, but on working the needles, it was found that the telegraph was engaged in corresponding with some intermediate or branch station.

The clerk, with whom I continued chatting through the little opening where all communications are given and received, was very young; but there was something in his manner that prepossessed you favorably, and, moreover, there was a total absence of that abruptness of speech and quickness of manner that seem to have become a second nature with our railway officials. At last he invited me to enter his office-the very thing I had been maneuvering for and longing to do-for, as I squeezed my head through the small opening, and looked into the snug room, warmly carpeted, and, although it was the beginning of August, with a fire burning in the grate, I could just catch a glimpse of the small mahogany stand and dial of the telegraph, with which he had been talking to the people in London about my trunks, and was very desirous of seeing a little more. Books were lying about the table, which seemed to indicate a taste, not only for literature, but for its more imaginative productions; and so, then, as we sat over the cheerful fire, our conversation taking its tone from the volume into which I had dipped, we chatted about authors, style, and such matters.

"You would hardly believe," he said, "how such an employment as mine teaches one curtness: how one gets into the habit of saying what one has to say in as few words as possible, and yet with perfect clearness. I write occasionally little articles, and I find that in them I unconsciously avoid all redundancy of words, just as when transmitting a message. You have no idea what a lengthy affair the messages are which we have given us to transmit, with so many useless expressions that make the inquiry, or whatever it may be, nearly twice as long as necessary. In delivering it, we cut it down about one-half, and yet our version tells all that is to be said quite as intelligibly as the original."

"The cause, no doubt, is, that those who want to give some information about a missing thing are anxious to describe it with all exactness, in order to make as sure as possible of its being recognized."

"But the details on such occasions," he answered,
"are really without end. Now we, for our parts, seize
on the salient features; we give the necessary marks or
tokens, and these only. For nothing is the telegraph so
often put in requisition as to inquire about ladies' dogs
that are missing. Hardly a day passes without such
inquiries. And such descriptions! A perfect history of
the animals' habits and virtues: it seems they never can
say enough. I have often thought how they would be
Vot. XI.—15

shocked did they but see how all the long history of their favorites is condensed into a couple of lines. And yet it answers the purpose as well."

He here turned round to the dial-plate of the telegraph, and after a moment's watching, looked again into the volume, the leaves of which he was turning over.

"Was any one speaking to you?" I asked.

"Not to me; they are talking with the — station."

"But how did you know it? what made you look up?" I asked.

"Because I heard the wires."

"That's very strange," I observed: "my hearing is unusually fine, yet I heard nothing."

"It is habit; besides, perhaps, you heard the vibration too without knowing what it was. My ears are so alive to the sound, that, as I sit here reading, the instant the hands of the dial move, I hear them. That low clickclick attracts my attention as surely as the bell."

"There is an alarum, is there not, which sounds when the clerk's attention is required?"

"Yes," he said; "this is it." And so saying, he touched a wire, and instantly a hammer struck upon a bell, making a slow, penetrating, long-continued noise. "But I generally stop the communication with it, for it is so loud, that it is extremely disagreeable to be disturbed by the ringing of that thing at one's shoulder. Besides, I hear the other just as well, let me be never so immersed in what I am about."

"Just now," said I, "while you were receiving a message, I observed that every now and then you gave an unusually strong jerk—much stronger than the others. What did that mean?"

"O," said he, laughing, "that was an indignant 'understand!" The other was stopping to see if I knew well what he had said, and I showed, by my manner of saying yes, that I was out of patience with his distrust. Such an 'understand,' given in that brusque manner, is not exactly very civil; but I really can't help it—one gets at last out of patience with such dawdling."

"And will the other, think you, understand that his questions and slowness put you out of patience?"

"No doubt of that. I knew he understood the way I answered him, and was sulky about it, for his manner changed directly. In the way I said 'I understand,' was expressed besides, 'Of course, I understand! Do get on, can't you, and don't stop to ask such foolish questions!' That is what we call an indignant 'understand!'"

All this interested me much; and we talked on, now about a favorite author lying on the table, now of this thing, now of that, only interrupted occasionally by the click-click of the mahogany case, that, like a something endued with life, was calling its attendant to come to it, and take heed. But while there, as one in the presence of some demoniac thing, the telegraph exercised a sort of spell over me; and I always recurred to it, much as our conversation on other matters would have pleased me at any other time.

"You must not leave the telegraph for a moment?"
I observed. "There must be always some one here to watch it, and be in readiness?"

"Yes; I or my brother remain here always. We take it by turns. Night and day he or I am here. He is gone to-day some miles off; so I have taken his watch for him. I was on duty before; to-night, therefore, will be the third night I have been up!"

"It must be very fatiguing for you; besides, you can not venture to doze a little, lest something should

happen.

"Though I were to do so, if the wires began to move, I should awake directly. I can not tell you how or why it is, but if there is the slightest tremor, I am sensible of it at once. Whether I hear it or feel it, I do not exactly know; but I am sensible that they are moving!"

"By intense watchfulness, by constant companionship with that animate yet lifeless thing, a sort of sympathy, or magnetic influence-call it what you will-may exist

between you and it," I observed.

"It may be so," he replied; "but really I can not say. The strain of attention that all occupation with the telegraph produces is very great. While reading off the communications just given, your mind is on the stretch. The intentness of observation with which you must follow the needles in their movements is very fatiguing. There is nothing hardly that demands such minute attention; for a slight mistake, and you lose the thread of the meaning, and this directly causes delay. Besides which, you get confused."

"This constant state of excitement must, I should think, at last make itself felt. It would be highly interesting to observe the influence it would exercise. Now, in yourself, have you," I asked, "remarked that any change has taken place since you have been occupied with the telegraph-that you are more irritable and excitable than before-or that the constant tension in which the faculties are kept has at all affected you?"

"I think it has made me more excitable than I was before. It certainly has an effect upon the nerves. vibration of the needles, for example, I should hear much farther off than you would—so far, indeed, that you would think it scarcely credible."

"Besides the constant attention and the night-watching, I have no doubt that the incessant, quick, uncertain motion of the needles backward and forward, and from side to side-that constant tremulousness which you are obliged to observe and to follow so closely-must tend to

"Yes," he replied, "I dare say it is so. At night, however, one is seldom interrupted. Toward morning the foreign mails arrive, and then the dispatches for the newspapers have to be transmitted. This takes about a couple of hours or more close, uninterrupted work. When the correspondence continues this long without a break, it is very tiring to the mind. As soon as it is over, all has to be written down in a book: this is the most uninteresting part of our occupation. Every message, important or not, is entered in a journal, and then, from time to time, the accounts and moneys received are sent in, and the journals at the different offices compared, to see that all is right. All this is tiresome enough, but it must be done."

"In this way you hear all the foreign news before any one else. When the first morning edition appears, to you it is already stale. I wonder, though, that persons who have any thing secret and important to transmit, should like to trust their secret to two individuals wholly unknown to them."

"O, there is no fear of our divulging any thing," he replied. "Get something out of an electric-telegraph clerk if you can! Besides, we are forced to the strictest secrecy; bound, too, in a good round sum of money, which we must deposit as security. There is nothing to

be got out of us, I can assure you. It would never do if it were otherwise; for often matters of very great importance are forwarded in this way, and the confidence placed in us must be entire, and our secrecy above even suspicion.'

"I should think," I observed, "the employment must have much in it that is pleasant—a charm peculiar to

"You are right," he said; "at first it possessed an indescribable charm. There was something mysterious about it; and it was with a strange feeling, unlike any thing I had ever known, that I used to find myself holding converse with others far off, and watching, as it were, their countenances in the dial-plate. But the novelty over, all this died away; and though I still like the employment, it is no longer invested with its original

"Were you long in learning to work?" I inquired.

"Not very long-it is not so difficult; but it takes a long time before you are able to read the communications sent to you-that is to say, quickly and easily. The speed with which a message is conveyed depends much on the person receiving it; for if he is quick and clever, he will understand what the words are before they are spelled to the end; and so, meeting the other, as it were, half-way, the communication is carried on with great rapidity."

Here the hammer of the alarum, which, before we went into the other room, had been set, began making a

tremendous noise.

"Ha!" said I, "some one is about to speak with

We went to the door of the little parlor, and looked into the office at the needles. They were moving backward and forward with their usual click-click.

" Is it for you?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "so many times to the right, and so many times to the left, signifies - station.

"What is it about?" I inquired, as I watched the two needles, which by their different movements over the small segment of a circle, expressed every thing.

"It's about the down-train to-morrow. We are to send up some carriages."

"And where is it from?"

"From the chief station in town." The needles soon moved again.

" Is it still the people in London who are speaking?"

"No: now it is the -- station."

I now had an opportunity of seeing how quickly my companion read the movements of the needles. Incessantly came the jerk, meaning "I understand;" again and again at quickly repeated intervals. Once there was an unusual movement, and I afterward inquired what it meant.

"It meant," he replied, "'Say that once more.' I could not make out what was said; and, just as I imagined, the other clerks had made a mistake."

Now came the answer; and it was astonishing how quickly it was delivered. As one's words pour out of the mouth in speaking, so here they were poured forth by handfuls. How the needles rushed backward and forward, then halted! now came a quick shake, and then off they dashed to the side with a bold, decided swing! There was no hesitation here. Rattle, rattle; right, left, right; on it went without a pause; and soon the people at - had got their answer from the snug little parlor at the -- station.

The evening had closed in, and there I still sat over the fire. A fire-a coal-fire in an English grate has a wonderful attraction for an Englishman who has been a long time from his old home. This was the case with myself; and therefore it was, I suppose, that I hung about the hearth as one does about a spot that is fraught with pleasant recollections. It was quiet, and cheerful, and cozy. Presently the clicking noise was heard again.

"Ah! ah! it is from the --- station," said my companion, rising. "It is a friend of mine who is speaking," he continued. "He wants to know if I shall come up next Sunday or not. 'I—don't—think—I shall,'" he said, repeating the words he was expressing by the wire. "He asks me if 'I am alone.' 'No-a-friend-

is-here-with-me."

"I am glad you have somebody with you, and are not alone, for it is most outrageously dull," came back in reply.

"Almost every evening," said my companion, "we have a little chat before night comes on. He does not like being alone, so he talks with me."
"Look at the needles," I said; "how they are

moving!"

"Yes, he is laughing," he replied; "that means laughing! He is laughing heartily!

Shake! shake! shake! We laughed too in return by telegraph, just as we were then doing in reality. Another hearty laugh came back, with a "Good-night!" We wished "Good-night" in return, and our bit of a chat was over.

And soon after, bidding my friend a good-night, too, I left him to pass the long hours till morning in companionship with that wonderful thing, which, though lifeless, was so sensitive, and though inanimate, could yet make itself heard by him who was appointed its watcher; its low yet audible vibrations being as the pulsations of a heart that at intervals, by its faint beating, gives signs of vitality.

#### THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

IT is probable that to most of our readers the name which stands at the head of this sketch is unknown, and that the few who recognize it will only know it as that of the author of the well-known lines upon the death of Sir John Moore, a lyric of such surpassing beauty, that so high a judge as Lord Byron considered it the perfection of English lyrical poetry, preferring it before Coleridge's lines on Switzerland, Campbell's Hohenlinden, and the finest of Moore's Irish melodies, which were instanced by Shelley and others. Yet, unknown as the Rev. Charles Wolfe is, it is unquestionable that he was a man possessing the highest powers of imagination, and a powerful intellect, cultivated to a very high point of perfection, and fitting him to become one of the brightest stars of the world of literature. Why he is unknown is then probably a question, which will suggest itself to the minds of many, and the answer must be, because he did so little for the world to remember him by. And the true reason why Mr. Wolfe did so little is no doubt to be found in the character of his mind, and this is easily traceable, both in the mild, childlike, almost simple, but intelligent expression of the portrait which forms a frontispiece to the volume already before the public, and in most of the passages of his life. There was a want of strong resolution, and an absence of concentration so marked, that he seldom read completely through

even those books which most deeply interested himthere was a nervous susceptibility, and an openness to new impressions, which caused him as it were to dwell upon every passage he did read, to linger over its beauties, to start objections to its theories, to argue them out, and to develop to its fullest every suggestive thought; and there was in him a spirit of good-nature trenching upon weak compliance, which put his time at the service of all who chose to thrust employment upon him. Added to this, and arising out of his want of steady resolution, and earnest will, there was a habit of putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, of which he was himself fully sensible, and which he speaks of in one of his letters, as that "fatal habit of delay and procrastination, for which I am so pre-eminently distinguished."

Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., of Blackhall, in the county of Kildare, Ireland, and was born in Dublin, on the 13th of December, 1791. The family were not unknown to fame; for the celebrated General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, was one of its members, and Lord Kilwarden, an eminent man at the Irish bar, and who was afterward elevated to the dignity of a judgeship, was another. At an early age the father of our hero died, and the family removed to England, where Charles Wolfe was sent to a school at Bath.

In 1808 the family returned to Ireland, and in 1809 Charles Wolfe became a student of Dublin University. Here his classical learning and poetical attainments soon made him conspicuous, and he carried off prizes from the most distinguished of his competitors. The Historical Society of the University, the object of which was the cultivation of history, poetry, and oratory, also afforded him scope for the display of his talents, and gave him opportunity to win several medals and prizes. Most of the few poetical efforts of Mr. Wolfe were made at this period, including the Death of Sir John Moore, and a beautiful song, connected with which is an anecdote so strikingly characteristic of the nature of the author's mind, and so indicative of his extreme sensibility, that it is worth notice.

He was particularly open to the influence of music, and one of his favorite melodies was the popular Irish air, "Gramachree," to which, at the request of a friend, he wrote the lyric we append to this sketch. His friends asked him whether he had any real incident in his mind which suggested the stanzas; he said, he had not; but that he had sung the air over and over, till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words.

In the first year of Mr. Wolfe's attendance at the University, death took his mother, to whom he was most affectionately attached-an event which for some time interrupted his studies, and when he resumed them, he did not manifest much inclination to apply himself to the exact sciences. Here, however, that kindness of disposition which made him more useful to others than to himself, and induced him to neglect his own interests, and lend himself to those of his friends with an almost fatal facility, came to his aid, and stood him in good stead. The desire to assist a less gifted acquaintance impelled him to study more strenuously than he would have done, for his own benefit, and had the effect of so drawing out his own talents for scientific pursuits, that at an examination upon the severer sciences he carried away the prize from a host of talented candidates.

Soon after, when his straitened circumstances induced him to become a college tutor, he found the benefit of his scientific acquirements; but in that capacity his aniability of character was a disadvantage to him, for he was so anxious for the progress of his pupils, and so prodigal of his time and labor upon them, that he had but little opportunity for his own studies, or for relaxation.

For the occupation of the ministry, Mr. Wolfe, notwithstanding his youthful military tendency and love of society, was eminently fitted. His mind was naturally of a devotional cast, and fitted peculiarly for his new position. He was thoroughly in earnest-the strong impulse supplied by intense devotional feeling served to counteract his want of application. The kindness of his heart, and the desire to serve others, which was so prominent a feature of his mind, made him untiring; the dislike of contest which marked him led him to dwell on the vital points common to all religions, and avoid controversial ground. That want of self-esteem, too, which at the University had ever made him distrustful of his own powers, and kept him from claiming the stanzas on Sir John Moore, when they were claimed by, or attributed to others, induced him to converse familiarly with the peasant, and to submit to contradiction, and even insult, from those who, both socially and intellectually, were inferior to himself. Add to this, that he thoroughly understood the Irish character, which had many points in common with his own impulsive, versatile nature, and it may be conceived how influential he was in his remote curacy. Presbyterian, Methodist, Catholic, all gathered around him, and often filled his little church, listening to his concise, plain-spoken sermons, which far oftener treated of the hopes and mercies than the terrors and punishments of Christianity, and in his parish school the children of all denominations were taught together. This, however, was not to last long. He had applied himself too assiduously to his task for his physical strength. Oppressed with a sense of the responsibility of his position, he had, upon entering upon the ministry, given up all thoughts of literature. He lived in an old half-furnished house, slept in a damp room, and traversed bog and moor on foot, in all weathers, to visit his flock. Under these labors the latent tendency of his constitution developed itself, his cough became day by day more violent, and in 1821 it was evident that consumption had laid its hand upon its prey. Still he was unwilling to retire from his ministry, and it was only in compliance with the reiterated entreaties of his friends that he at last proceeded to Scotland to consult a celebrated physician. His return to his parish after this short absence proved the estimation in which he was held among the people. As he rode by the cabins of the peasantry, the occupants rushed out, and, with all the impulsive devotion of the Irish toward those whom they regard as benefactors, fell upon their knees, and invoked blessings upon him, and pursued the carriage in which he rode, with fervent prayers. His health, however, still continued to fail, and his friends at length persuaded him to remove to Dublin, where he continued to preach occasionally, till his physician forbade such effort, and, to use his own words, stripped him of his gown. Toward the winter of 1821, it was thought advisable to remove him to Bordeaux for a time, but adverse gales twice drove him back to Holyhead, and he suffered so much from fatigue and seasickness that it appeared best to locate him near Exeter, where he staid till the spring of 1822, in the house of a clergy-

man, whose practice among the poor had qualified him to act the part of a physician to the invalid. In the spring, apparently somewhat improved, he returned to Dublin, and in the summer made a short voyage to Bordeaux, where he staid about a month. He then again returned to Dublin, and from that time steadily declined. In November, 1822, accompanied by a relative, and the Rev. Mr. Russell, his biographer, he removed to the Cove of Cork, but all efforts to recruit his failing strength were unavailing, and he expired there on the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age. About a twelvemonth previous to his death, he had been preferred to the important curacy of Armagh, but he never lived to visit his new parish. All his letters written during his protracted illness prove his amiability, and the patience with which he suffered, as well as the ardor of the Christian faith on which he so confidently leaned, and few men were more sincerely mourned by a large number of devoted and admiring

The Rev. Charles Wolfe was one of those characters eminently fitted to make good men, but destitute of some of the qualities for what the world calls greatness. He was a high type of that class who form the cynosure of their own peculiar circles, where they are admired as much for the kindliness of their nature as the extent of their attainments, and the power and versatility of their talents. But wanting the self-esteem, the unwavering self-confidence, the perseverance and unshaken resolution which go to make up greatness, he possessed in an eminent degree those kindly sympathies, tender feelings, and that earnest devotion to the interests and wishes of his fellows, which among friends and intimates make goodness so much more lovable than greatness.

The following is the lyric to which we have already alluded, and which so well consorts with the general tenderness of his character:

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee:
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be:
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
That, dearest! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

THE PIDGETS

THERE are people whom one occasionally meets with in the world, who are in a state of perpetual fidget and pucker. Every thing goes wrong with them. They are always in trouble. Now, it is the weather, which is too hot; or, at another time, too cold. The dust blows into their eyes, or there is "that horrid rain," or "that broiling sun," or "that Scotch mist." They are as ill to please about the weather as a farmer; it is never to their liking, and never will be. They "never saw such a summer," "not a day's fine weather," and they go back to antiquity for comfort-" it was not so in our younger days."

Fidgety people are rarely well. They have generally "a headache," or "spasms," or "nerves," or something of that sort; they can not be comfortable in their way without trouble. Most of their friends are ill; this one has the gout " so bad;" another has the rheumatics; a third is threatened with consumption; and there is scarcely a family of their acquaintance whose children have not got measles, hooping-cough, scarlet fever, or some other of the thousand ills which infantine flesh is heir to. They are curiously solicitous about the health of every body: this one is exhorted "not to drink too much cold water;" another "not to sit in the draught;" a third is advised to "wear flanuels;" and they have great doctors at their fingers' ends, whom they can quote in their support. They have read Buchan and Culpepper, and fed their fidgets upon their descriptions of diseases of all sorts. They offer to furnish recipes for pills, draughts, and liniments; and if you would believe them, your life depends on taking their advice gratis forthwith.

To sit at meals with such people is enough to give one the dyspepsy. The chimney has been smoking, and the soot has got into the soup; the fish is overdone, and the mutton is underdone; the potatoes have had the disease, the sauce is not of the right sort, the jelly is candied, the pastry is musty, the grapes are sour. Every thing is wrong. The cook must be disposed of; Betty stands talking too long at the back-gate. The poultry-woman must be changed, the potato-man discarded. There will be a clean sweep. But things are never otherwise. The fidgety person remains unchanged, and goes fidgeting along to the end of the chapter; changing servants, and spoiling them by unnecessary complainings and contradictions, till they become quite reckless of ever

giving satisfaction.

The fidgety person has been reading the newspaper, and is in a ferment about "that murder!" Every body is treated to its details. Or somebody's house has been broken into, and a constant fidget is kept up for a time about "thieves!" If a cat's-whisper is heard in the night, "there is a thief in the house;" if an umbrella is missing, "a thief has been in the lobby;" if a towel can not be found, "a thief must have stolen it off the hedge." You are counseled to be careful of your pockets when you stir abroad. The outer doors are furnished with latches, new bolts and bars are provided for out-houses, bells are hung behind the shutters, and all other possible expedients are devised to keep out the imaginary "thief."

"O, there is a smell of fire!" Forthwith the house is traversed, downstairs and upstairs, and a voice at length comes from the kitchen, " It's only Bobby been burning a stick." You are told forthwith of a thousand accidents, deaths, and burnings, that have come from burning sticks! Bobby is petrified and horror-stricken, and is haunted by the terror of conflagrations. If Bobby gets a penny from a visitor, he is counseled "not to buy gunpowder" with it, though he has a secret longing for crackers. Maids are cautioned to "be careful about the clothes-horse," and their ears are often startled with a cry from above-stairs of, "Betty, there is surely something singeing!"

The fidgety person "can not bear" the wind whistling through the key-hole, nor the smell of washing, nor the sweep's cry of "svee-eep, svee-eep," nor the beating of carpets, nor thick ink, nor a mewing cat, nor new boots, nor a cold in the head, nor callers for rates and subscriptions. All these little things are magnified into miseries, and, if you like to listen, you may sit for hours and hear the fidgety person wax eloquent about them, drawing a melancholy pleasure from the recital.

The fidgety person sits upon thorns, and loves to perch his or her auditor on the same raw material. Not only so, but you are dragged over thorns, till you feel thoroughly unskinned. Your ears are bored, and your teeth are set on edge. Your head aches, and your withers are wrung. You are made to shake hands with misery, and almost long for some real sorrow as a relief.

The fidgety person makes a point of getting out of humor upon any occasion, whether about private or public affairs. If subjects for misery do not offer within doors, they abound without. Something that has been done in the next street excites their ire, or something done a thousand miles off, or even something that was done a thousand years ago. Time and place matter nothing to the fidgety. They overleap all obstacles in getting at their subject. They must be in hot water. If one question is set at rest, they start another; and they wear themselves to the bone in settling the affairs of every body, which are never settled. Their feverish existence refuses rest, and they fret themselves to death about matters with which they have often no earthly concern. They are spendthrifts in sympathy, which in them has degenerated into an exquisite tendency to pain. They are launched on a sea of trouble, the shores of which are perpetually extending. They are self-stretched on a rack, the wheels of which are ever going round.

The fundamental maxim of the fidgety is-whatever is, is wrong. They will not allow themselves to be happy, nor any body else. They always assume themselves to be the most aggrieved persons extant. Their grumbling is incessant, and they operate as a social poison wherever they go. Their vanity and self-conceit are usually accompanied by selfishness in a very aggravated form, which only seems to make their fidgets the more intolerable. You will generally observe that they are idle persons; indeed, as a general rule, it may be said, that the fidgety class want healthy occupations. In nine cases out of ten, employment in some active pursuit, in which they could not have time to think about themselves, would operate as a cure.

PRAISE.

PRAISE is something which costs us nothing, and which we are, nevertheless, the most unwilling to bestow upon others, even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves the less we deserve it; not reflecting that the breath of self-eulogy soils the face of the speaker, even as the censer is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

WALK UP THE RHINE.

THE true way to see the Rhine, to enjoy it, to understand it, is to walk along the valley through which it runs, to "put up" at the village inns by the wayside, halting here a day, and there a day, scouring the country about, and rambling at leisure among the ruins of the old robber haunts, perched like eagles' eyries, on the summits of the boldest promontories along its banks. Thus only can you understand, and drink in the spirit of the country; apprehend the legendary and fabulous traditions, which still cling to certain districts; commune with the spirits of the rocks, the black hunters: Woden,

with the spirits of the roces, the black hunters. Wocken, the ten-handed god, the demon who haunts each crag and castle-crowned cliff; the melodious songs sung by invisible enchantresses; and the host of adventures, shrouded in legends, which still attach to the most famous scenery of the picturesque valley, and which civilisation itself has not sufficed to dissipate.

Skirting along the Rhine, about midway between Cologne and Bonn, whose taper spires I saw in the distance, reflected on the broad, and here unruffled, surface of the stream, I came upon a group of youths dressing themselves after a bathe in the river. I joined them, as they proceeded along the same path with myself, and, from the short-cuts which they occasionally made across the fields, I found they were quite familiar with the road. They were traveling apprentices on their wanderschaft-most tradesmen in Germany approprinting a period to traveling from town to town, to acquire the mysteries of their craft, before finally settling down in business for life. I found that one of them was on his way home from France and Belgium, and another, a saddler, had been all over Austria and the provinces of Lombardy, had passed through Switzerland into France, and was now wandering up the Rhine again, back to his home, at Frankfort on the Maine. He was a strapping, military-looking youth, and was full of anecdote and adventure.

The Siebergebergen—a range of rugged hills, which seemed to shut in the valley of the Rhine—loomed before us; the river lay winding in the valley beneath—occasional fine views discerned through the trees which skirted our road; when, to cheer the way, the three youths struck up a spirited song, "Am Rheim," in capital voice—the saddler putting in a thoroughly musical bass, with great taste. A pretty smart thunder-storm drove us to take shelter in a roadside gastwirthhaus, or tavern, where a repast of bread and cheese, though indifferent in quality, proved welcome; but the blue sky again appearing overhead, and the sun again blinking out, we proceeded cheerily along the road to Bonn, reaching it about dusk.

I lodged in the same house with my extempore friend, the saddler, but I found, when I came to pay my bill in the morning, that he had played me a trick. The land-lord told me he had desired him to include the expenses of both in the same bill, and that I was to be the xahl-meister, or paymaster. I paid the bill, which was a very small one, but I took the landlord's advice, and shook off "my friend," who was very desirous that I should accompany him up the Rhine, doubtless as his xahlmeister! This was my first experiment of German greed, and I afterward met with many instances of the same failing. I found, all along the Rhine, a current maxim, among those Germans especially with whom tourists come in contact, of "Die Englandier haben viel gelt"—"the

Englishman has lots of money;" and they were generally found willing enough, in his ignorance of their confused and constantly changing coinage, to ease him of a portion of it. But these Germans have been so demoralized by tourists—as is the case with most of the innkeepers, guides, and car-drivers of the tourist districts of our own country—that they are not to be taken as a fair specimen of the real indigenous inhabitants, who, as I afterward found, were as frugal, honest, and hard-working a class of population as is to be found in any European country.

Leaving the saddler to pursue his journey by himself, I halted behind for a few hours, and had the good fortune to fall in with an old soldier, who had served in the French army, under Napoleon, during the late continental wars. He had been in the battles of the Spanish revolution; at Busaco, Torres Vedras, and Salamanca, where he had been captured, and sent to England a prisoner. By this means he had picked up some English, of which he was not a little proud, telling his friend the innkeeper, " I spike Engelsh ver goot, auch Espagnol and Portugee a leetle, but Engelsh die best:" on which the innkeeper, with the other bystanders, who stood around listening, seemed to regard him as a prodigy of learning. With this veteran I scaled the hill above Poppelsdorf, from which a noble view of the Rhine and Siebenbergen is obtained: there is a church here, which boasts of possessing among its curiosities, the sacred stairs which led up to Pilate's Judgment Hall, and still bear the stains of the Savior's blood! This afforded the German a text from which to preach about the credulity of his townsfolk: he had evidently been somewhat contaminated by his contact with the French soldiery, and did not hesitate to declare that, in Spain alone, he had seen as many relics of the true cross as would suffice to build a first-rate ship of war, and vials of the Savior's blood amply sufficient to float it! Whether the old soldier was right or wrong, I shall not pretend

I set out along the Rhine road, with the castled crag of Drachenfels before me, drawing nearer and nearer as I trudged onward. The Rhine makes a wide sweep above Bonn, and is for some time quite lost to the traveler's sight. The only objects of interest, for some miles, are the curious crosses erected along the roadside, some stone and some wooden—most of the latter with effigies of Christ attached to them, rudely, and often glaringly painted—by no means flattering representations of their object. But before these, rude though they be, the humble peasant, doffing his cap, and withdrawing from the dusty highway, as respectfully and devoutly kneels, as if they were the works of the most consummate artist.

One of the crosses which I passed was, however, of very superior merit, as a work of art—purely Gothic. It has stood there for more than five hundred years; and though somewhat corroded by time, it is still elegant, and beautiful exceedingly: it was erected by an Archbishop of Cologne, in the year 1333. The careful manner in which these wayside crosses are preserved, and the general obeisance paid to them, show that the Reformation period did not penetrate to this district, and that the population is still purely Catholic.

I was now approaching the most picturesque district of the Rhine, and was already skirting one of the most ancient of its architectural beauties—the ruined Roman castle of Godesberg, afterward a stronghold of the

warlike archbishops of Cologne. The road skirts the base of the conical hill on which it stands, and from the summit a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country is obtained. Further on, the beauties of the Rhine scenery come into sight; the valley becomes narrower, the ascending hills on either side are covered on their lower parts with vineyards, and higher up with pinewood, to the summit. Having reached a part of the road, nearly opposite the majestic Drachenfels, I sat down to sketch the view, and enjoy it at leisure. The lofty and rugged Dragon's rock-Drachenfels-rose abruptly from the river's edge, and towered far into the sky, crowned by a ruined tower-probably the eyrie of one of the old robber-chiefs of the Rhine, in times long past. Behind it stretched away the other hills in the chain, wooded to the summit, and with smiling vineyards seated on their lower sides, where the busy vinedresser was at work among the leaves. The Rhine swept round the base of the foremost rock, in a broad and steady current, its bosom studded here and there with boats. whose gay streamers and white sails flaunted about in the sunny air; while up from the bank nearest me, but hidden from sight, rose the shouts of the drivers impelling their harnessed cattle against the course of the stream. While thus seated, a sound of wheels rolled along the road, and presently an English barouche dashed past amid a cloud of dust. I looked, and lo! a fair maiden sat reading her "prayer-book," as "Murray's Guide" is often called among English tourists, while a rubicund, jolly-faced old gentleman-obviously her papa-sat lolling back in the carriage-fast asleep! Thus it is that tourists often enjoy the beauties of the Rhine!

I rose and walked on, and, after a short space, was winding round the base of the old castle of Rolandseck, seated on a high hill, overlooking the snug, green island of Nonnenworth. A pleasure-party were up among the ruins, and as I passed, the sound of their voices, in beautiful chorus, was wafted down upon my ravished ears. At a turn of the road I caught sight of them, standing in a ruined archway, overgrown with ivy, still chanting the beautiful melody. This, then, was the Rhine! with its music, its bright beauty, its sweeping tide, its smiling vineyards. It was all that fancy had dreamed, or poets pictured, or mind conceived. It was the beautiful—the majestic Rhine—

"A blending of all beauties; streams and dells, Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, ruin, And chiefiess castles, breathing stern farewells, From gray, but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells."

As I went on, valley after valley opened up to me as I passed, and I gazed far along their leafy vineyards. Villages lay in the clefts of the hills, and now a churchbell set up its distant chime, which stole like sweet music over the landscape. A little vessel with a white flapping sail lay floating along the current, and, stealing out of sight, it swept behind the verdure of Nun's Island, over which Roland the Brave so often cast his sorrowful eyes; for there, according to tradition, was his betrothed bride so many years self-immured.

And now the river widens again into a broad, lake-like expanse; the Isle of Werth and the village of Oberwinter is passed; vineyards stretch amid the villages and up the hill-sides; and right before me, on the other side the river, runs the pretty little village of Uncal. It really looks so tempting a spot to rest in, that I descend to the river's side, hail the ferryman, and, seated in his

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boat, am forthwith rowed across to the opposite shore, and landed at the rude little pier of the village of Uncal. It is a delicious spot to rest in, and drink in the first delicious draught of Rhine beauty. Right opposite, rise the huge basaltic rocks of Uncalstein, formerly stretching into the bed of the river, and causing a maels rom or whirlpool, wherein vessels were ofttimes dragged beneath the boiling waters, and reappeared only in wrecked fragments, till Napoleon, before whom no other whirlpool could stand, caused the rocks in the stream to be blown up. and the passage was thus made safe forever. Climbing the hills behind Uncal, across fields and up through terraces of vines, till a point is reached from which the broad Rhine lies spread at your feet, sweeping round the Island of Nonnenwerth, till it is lost behind the Dragon's rock; gazing at the castle-crowned crag and the bounding hills stretching away far into the distance; roaming along the banks of the beautiful river, under the sunshine, or by the mellowed moonlight, or under the ruddy glow of evening; watching the toiling teams on the further bank dragging their laden vessels upstream, or the idle boat sleeping along the current which seems to linger amid the beauties of the place, or the huge rafts of timber, with their busy population on board, steering through the swift current at Nonnenwerth, or the active steamer with splashing paddles bearing its load of tourists up into the beautiful land-such are the delicious sights which cause the traveler to linger at Uncal, lovingly and cheerfully; and to leave its pretty white-washed cottages and sweet little church and taper spire with such softened melancholy and

HUME'S ANTI-MIRACLE ARGUMENT ANSWERED.

I REMEMBER being much struck, several years ago, by a remark dropped in conversation by the late Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Cromarty, Scotland, one of the most original-minded men I ever knew. my Greek New Testament this morning," he said, "I was curiously impressed by a thought, which, simple as it may seem, never occurred to me before. portion which I perused was in the First Epistle of Peter; and as I passed from the thinking of the passage to the language in which it is expressed, 'This Greek of the untaught Galilean fisherman,' I said, so admired by scholars and critics for its unaffected dignity and force, was not acquired, as that of Paul may have been, in the ordinary way, but formed a portion of the Pentecostal gift! Here, then, immediately under my eye, on these pages, are there embodied, not, as in many other parts of the Scriptures, the mere details of a miracle, but the direct results of a miracle. How strange!" Had the old tables of stone been placed before me, with what an awe-struck feeling would I have looked on the characters traced upon them by God's own finger! How is it that I have failed to remember that, in the language of these Epistles, miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the mind, I possessed as significant and suggestive a relic as that which the inscription miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the stone could possibly have furnished?" It was a striking thought; and in the course of our walk, which led us over richly fossiliferous beds of the Old Red Sandstone, to a deposit of the Eathie Lias, largely charged with the characteristic remains of that formation, I ventured to

connect it with another. "In either case," I remarked, as we seated ourselves beside a sea-cliff, sculptured over with the impressions of extinct plants and shells, 'your relics, whether of the Pentecostal Greek or of the characters inscribed on the old tables of stone, could address themselves to but previously existing belief. The skeptic would see in the Sinaitic characters, were they placed before him, merely the work of an ordinary tool; and in the Greek of Peter and John, a well-known language, acquired, he would hold, in the common way. But what say you to the relics that stand out in such bold relief from the rocks beside us, in their character as the results of miracle? The perished tribes and races which they represent all began to exist. There is no truth which science can more conclusively demonstrate than that they had all a beginning. The infidel who, in this late age of the world, would attempt falling back on the fiction of an 'infinite series,' would be laughed to scorn. They all began to be. But how? No true geologist holds by the development hypothesis; it has been resigned to sciolists and smatterers; and there is but one other alternative. They began to be, through the miracle of creation. From the evidence furnished by these rocks we are shut down either to the belief in miracle, or to the belief in something else infinitely harder of reception, and as thoroughly unsupported by testimony as it is contrary to experience. Hume is at length answered by the severe truths of the stony science. He was not, according to Job, 'in league with the stones of the fields,' and they have risen in irresistible warfare against him in the Creator's behalf."

> THE VOICE OF NATURE. BY CHARLES WILTON.

WE have already spoken in terms of commendation of Mr. Wilton as a poet. In England and Scotland his name is held in high and deserved praise. Latest advices from foreign journals speak of him as being near his dying day. A brief, but beautiful and most affecting piece, entitled, "Song of the Invalid," written by Mr. Wilton, and addressed to his sister, is before us, which we shall hereafter furnish our readers. It is his last effort. In all probability, before these lines are seen by our readers, the heart that dictated and the hand that penned them will be cold and pulseless in the grave.

'Twas in a lone sequestered dell, And on a summer's eve; The sun's last glances ling'ring foll, As loth the spot to leave:

For never sun more blithely rose
To light a scene more fair—
Day never had so sweet a close,
Or night a charm se rare.

And I have climbed the rocky steep
That cuts the vale in twain,
And gaze adown the lonely sweep
That seeks the vale again:

I gaze on many a stately dome
Of high imperious name,
On many a low and humble home
Unglorified by fame:

But all are wrapped in deep repose, And not a sound is there To tell how swift the river flows Between the banks of Care. Unmarked, the stream of life glides on To that Eternal Sea, Where earthly sun has never shone, Nor aught of earth can be.

And this, to me, is as a spell
That binds me to the night—
That bathes each wild untrodden dell
In waves of mystic light.

There are who say this wondrous world
Is but the work of chance;
That earth, like some huge scroll, unfurled,
And wrought its own advance;

That senseless atoms blindly grew Into a world of light; That creatures no Creator knew— That death's eternal night!

O, man, with aspirations high,
Is this the end you crave?
O, man, with soul that can not die,
And perish in the grave—

Are all the wonders prophets told But wild delusive dreams? And can it be that human mold Is but the clay it seems?

Shall love and virtue live on earth,
And with the earth decay?
Shall faith, and hope, and stainless worth,
Pass like a dream away?

Come forth, thou false and subtile sage!
Creation read aright!
Cast off the gathering mists of age,
And clear thy clouded sight!

Throw down, throw down the guilty pen— Break off the stubborn mask: The creed thou dar'st assert to men, Its truth of Nature ask!

At morn, at noon, or sacred eve, On land or on the sea, The lightest sound thy step may leave Shall breathe "Eternity!"

Come tread with me this dizzy hight,
And, through this waste of air,
Gaze out upon the forms of night—
What is thine answer there?

The moonlit fields of waving corn,
. That ripening harvests fill—
The bubbling springs where lakes are born,
To man subservient still—

All speak of His unbounded love
Who caused those streams to flow,
Who fed those fields from founts above,
And made the harvest grow.

And wheresoe'er the broad moon's rays, In matchless beauty fall, They mirror forth to thoughtful gaze The Hand that fashioned all.

There's not a plant upon the earth,
There's not a tree nor flower,
But bears the stamp of heavenly birth,
The proof of heavenly power.

The very leaf on which you tread
Was wrought with wondrous hand—
A fragment of a volume dread
That speaks to every land:

A book unchanged from age to age— The same since time began: For Nature is a living page— That preaches God to man! LAST HOURS OF FLETCHER.

FLETCHER seems to have become strangely impressed with a presentiment of his approaching dissolution. He was deliberating on making a visit to London. Being doubtful of the expediency of the journey, he kneeled down, and prayed for direction from Heaven. As he arose from his knees, he seemed to hear these mysterious words, "Not to London, but to the grave." stinctively shuddering, he exclaimed, "The grave! the cold grave! the cold grave!" In a short time, he proceeded to the church, to attend the Sabbath service. A part of the service, on that occasion, consisted of a beautiful anthem taken from the twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me. Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full." While these words were sounding forth from the lips of the devout worshipers, accompanied by the deep and full tones of the pealing organ, peace and joy-profound peace, unutterable joy-filled his soul; and from that hour death to him lost its terrors, and the grave its gloom. On Thursday, the 4th of August, he was laboriously employed in the duties of his ministry from three in the afternoon till nine at night. When he came home, he said, "I have taken cold." He, however, paid no further attention to it. Friday and Saturday he continued ill. Saturday night he had much fever. Sabbath morning Mrs. Fletcher entreated he would by no means think of going to Church. But he said it was the will of the Lord; and went. He opened the reading service with apparent strength; but, before he had proceeded far, his countenance changed, his speech faltered, and he appeared fainting. The eye of affection was on him. His devoted wife sprang forward in the midst of the crowd gathering around, caught him in her arms, and supported him till he recovered. Conscious that his end was near, that this was the last time he should address his people, he struggled on with the service, though earnestly entreated by his wife to desist. Having finished the introductory service, he reposed awhile in his chair, then arose, and preached with even more than usual effect and power. His theme was the love of God. He expatiated on its glories, its unfathomable depth, its illimitable extent, its eternal duration, and its wonderful influences, till his soul seemed exalted to the transcendent glories of life and immortality. The effect of the discourse on the people was overwhelming. Through their inmost souls the sounds of his voice

"Thrilled as if an angel spoke, Or Ariel's finger touched the string."

They knew the hand of Death was on their pastor. They saw in his face the outbeaming light of the heavenly world. After the sermon, he proceeded to the communion-table, saying, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy-seat." In going through with the communion-service, he became repeatedly exhausted, but the strength of the spirit triumphing over the weakness of the body, he would rally, and again proceed. The people were deeply affected. They saw their pastor offering up the last languishing remains of a life that had been lavishly

spent in their service. They wept, and cried aloud. With his dying hands he distributed the consecrated memorials of his dying Lord. In the course of the service, he gave out several verses of hymns, and delivered many affectionate exhortations to the people. Having struggled through the Sabbath service, of nearly four hours' continuance, he proceeded, by the aid of his friends, to his chamber, from which he went forth no more, till his inanimate body was carried on the bier to the grave. He lingered through the week. The next Sabbath morning came-a beautiful summer, Sabbath morningthe 14th of August, 1785. The people assembled in the church for worship, but their pastor lay in his room, speechless and dying. They seemed to hear still that voice, whose tones fell so sad on their hearts the last Sabbath. It seemed

"Like an echo that hath lost itself Among the distant hills,"

They sang a hymn of supplication for his recovery. It was accompanied by one simultaneous burst of grief from every heart. After service, the people lingered about the parsonage, and seemed unwilling to leave, till they had looked once more on the face of their expiring minister. Their desire was granted. The door of the chamber was thrown open. Just opposite the door, sitting upright in his bed, in full view, unaltered in his venerable and seraphic appearance, appeared the dying servant of God. The people passed along the gallery one by one, pausing, as they passed the door, to look for the last time on him whom they loved. They then went to their homes, and sat down in silence and in grief, awaiting the deep tones of the muffled bell to tell them all was over.

In the chamber of death the last scene was approaching. The dying saint lay composed as the child, when he sinks to his evening rest, as the last sound of the mother's lullaby dies away on his ear. Not a word was spoken—not a sound was heard in the room. His devoted wife was keeling at his side. A friend was sitting at his head, and another at his feet. Their eyes were riveted on him. They saw his head gently recline toward his breast; they stretched out their hands, and he was gone.

Thus, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, died John Fletcher; and long will it be ere another like him shall appear among the children of earth.

THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

QUEBEC is three hundred and fifty miles up the St. Lawrence from the Atlantic, and has a harbor spacious and deep enough to admit all the British navy. The upper town is surrounded by a high wall of great strength, and the citadel may well be considered as impregnable, and is truly the Gibraltar of America. At this day, let them be informed that an enemy was approaching, and it would require more than the talents of a Wolfe, a Bonaparte, or an Alexander the Great to take it. The domes, steeples, and roofs of all the buildings of this city are covered with bright tin, which in the sun dazzles and gives the whole town a glittering appearance. In passing through the streets here we see many novelties, and among them that of dogs harnessed to small carts carrying provisions, milk-cans, or something else, and boys ride in them. The dogs are very tractable and obedient to their drivers. Some are sent without a driver to their master's store, and safely

draw back what may be sent. Thus dogs are made to do the work of horses.

The keeper of our hotel, who is a "Yankee," handed me a pass, from the commanding officer of the citadel, for all ladies and gentlemen at his house. We availed ourselves of this privilege, and at the great gate I handed the pass, and a non-commissioned officer was sent to show us and answer questions in this American Gibraltar. Every thing was in first-rate order, and had the appearance of being ready for action at a moment's warning. The citadel is capacious, and every thing is on a large scale; and they can bring their heavy ordnance to bear in any direction the enemy may make an attack. I remarked to the officer attending us, that I did not see how they could be taken, unless by a long siege, and by cutting off their supplies. He replied, "We are fully prepared for that; for we constantly keep at least a seven years' supply in the citadel." In the center there is a large parade-ground, the rock being made level, and covered with gravel

We viewed the strong breastworks or battlements, and looked down on the tops of the highest masts of ships, and they reached but a comparatively short distance toward us, for we stood over three hundred and fifty feet above the river. The citadel is on the highest part of Cape Diamond. There are three regiments in it; and the Scotch regiment now paraded with their fine band, playing on their Scotch bagpipes, to the great amusement of our ladies. Major-General Rowan, senior military commander in the Canadas, was present with his aids, one of whom he sent to invite our ladies and gentlemen to take a stand near him. It is a fine regiment, and under excellent discipline. The troops maneuvered with great precision, and showed that they have been well drilled; and better-looking men I never saw. Their dress was Highland Scotch throughout; namely, a cap, a short red coat, buttoned close, covering a plaid vest, and, instead of pants, a loose plaid garment, reaching nearly to the knees, called kilts, and white gaiters, leaving their knees and seven or eight inches down their legs entirely bare; a sheathed dirk or stiletto was tucked inside the gaiter of the right leg. They also wore in front a handsome philebeg, made of deerskin, dressed with the hair on it, and extending down to the knees, with a handsome brass one inch wide at the opening. The soldiers wear this dress from May 1st to November 1st.

The line of fortifications around the upper town of Quebec, including the citadel, is three miles in extent, and all communications with it are through strong and massive gates, protected by heavy cannons. In addition to the lower town, on the east and outside of the wall is the suburb of St. Roch; on the west and on the right bank of the river, St. Charles. The Durham Terrace is one of the most beautiful promenades imaginable. It is on the site of the castle of St. Louis, which was destroyed by fire in 1834. Lord Durham erected a large platform over the ruins, with a strong iron fence at the edge of the high cliff, to protect people from falling down the bank, which is over three hundred feet perpendicular above the lower town, and commands a most splendid view of the surrounding country, and is a place of general resort of citizens and strangers, and is, I believe, the only elevated spot of magnitude out of doors, in the upper town, that is exactly level. From this extensive platform we may from the iron fence look down the chimneys of the houses in the lower town standing

nearest the bank. This was formerly the location of several French and English governors, who it appears well knew where to choose the most delightful residence. Near this is the "Governor's Garden," a place studded with choice ornamental trees, with seats placed under them, as on Boston Common. In this park is a permanent monument to Wolfe and Montcalm. It consists of a large stone pyramid, placed on a pedestal, with a long Latin inscription, above which, on the north side, in large iron letters, is "MONTCALM." on the south side, "WOLFE." It is protected by a strong iron fence, and will stand for centuries to come. The public buildings are worthy of notice, but I can notice only a few of them.

The Cathedral of Quebec, a Gothic structure, is a very large, ancient, and costly pile, of hewn stone. The fixings in the interior, and more particularly the canopy, were very imposing, though not, as a whole, to be compared to the French Cathedral at Montreal. I was repeatedly in this building, and saw people come in, cross themselves, and fall on their knees, generally soon after they crossed the threshold, without noticing any of us in

the slightest manner.

The Parliament House is a princely edifice, with a high, commanding dome—is new, and not yet completed. It is an honor to the city, and reflects much credit on the architect. In this building I was introduced to a lawyer and an officer of government, who was very playful in his remarks, and, addressing himself to me, observed, "You people of the States had better come back to the government of Great Britain, and now more especially, when we have a very fascinating lady at our head." I replied, "We also have very many fascinating ladies in the States." He quickly answered, "But none at the head of your government." After a pleasant interview we separated.

Near this is the Bishop's Palace, very large and imposing. Attached to it is an extra large garden. It is the

most princely residence in the city.

The Methodist church is a new Gothic stone church, well located; cost fifty-five thousand dollars; very inviting, and on an excellent plan; pews lined and cushioned, and seats fourteen hundred persons; a well fitted up room for the pastor's study, a large vestry, and eight or ten rooms well finished and numbered, for class meetings; and to appearance the society is quite wealthy. I inquired of Mr. C. how many were the average attendance, and he replied, "One thousand."

The Episcopalians also have a fine church, but it hardly came up to my expectations, as that is the national religion. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics, and speak the French language, and they control in elections. There is a small church here that they claim to be the oldest in America. Every thing about it

looks ancient

I visited the Court-House. The Judge differed in dress from the lawyers at the bar only that he wore a black silk robe over a usual dress. He was delivering

a charge to the jury in French.

The Market-Place is of generous size, on a quick descent on the northern slope of the hill, and hundreds of horse teams were in it loaded with provisions of all kinds, and most of them had more or less cauliflowers to sell among other things. This article is largely cultivated here. The tables of the hotels abound with it here and at Montreal.

Wells are scarce, if any, in the upper town. Water

is carted up from one of the rivers for the use of the inhabitants.

We next visited the plains of Abraham, west of the outer gate of the city, the battle-ground of the French and English armies under the command of two noted Generals, Montcalm and Wolfe. Both of these great men fell on the 13th of September, 1759. Here I took notes of Wolfe's monument. It was erected last year. We were pointed to the spot where he fell, and was removed to the place of the monument, where he died in the arms of victory. The monument is surrounded by a strong iron fence, with branched pickets pointing each way, to keep off all intruders.

To strengthen the defenses of the city on the west, four martello towers have been erected on these plains, extending, at certain distances from each other, across from the St. Lawrence to the Coteau St. Genevieve. These they can demolish should any enemy obtain possession of them.

In and about Quebec there are subterranean passages and mines, from which they can spring upon an enemy, should he approach within certain limits. This city possesses great commercial advantages, and must be a very pleasant summer residence. A walk round the ramparts is an interesting and delightful to the stranger, especially, as can be imagined. The author of Hochelaga thus paints it, in his description, in glowing colors:

"Take mountain and plain, sinuous river and broad, tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich, fruitful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and somber forest, group them all in the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create, arch it over with a cloudless sky, light it up with a radiant sun, you will then have seen Quebec on this September morning."

# THE POLITENESS OF PAUL.

PAUL's politeness was compounded of dignity and deference. It appeared in the mildness of the manner in which he delivered his most startling and shattering messages, both to Jews and heathens; in his graceful salutations; in his winning reproofs—the "excellent oil which did not break the head;" in the delicacy of his allusions to his own claims and services; and, above all, in the calm, self-possessed, and manly attitude he assumed before the rulers of his people and the Roman authorities. In the language of Peter and John to their judges, there is an abruptness savoring of their rude fisherman life, and fitter for the rough echoes of the lake of Galilee than for the tribunals of power. But Paul, while equally bold and decided, is far more gracious. He lowers his thunderbolt before his adversary ere he lanches it. His shaft is "polished," as well as powerful. His words to King Agrippa-" I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds "-are the most chivalric utterances recorded in history. An angel could not bend more gracefully, or assume an attitude of more exalted courtesy. And certain we are, that, had his sermon before Felix been preserved, it had been a new evidence of his perfect politeness. No Nathan or John Knox-like downright directness in it. In his captive circumstances, this had been offensive. No saying, in so many words, "Thou art the man!"-no pointing even with his finger or significant glance with his eye; but a grave, calm,

impersonal argument on "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," which, as it "sounded on its way," sounded the very soul of the governor, and made him tremble, as if a cold hand from above had been suddenly laid on his heart. Paul's sermon he felt to the core, trembled at, and shrank from, but no more resented than if he had read it in the pages of a dead author. Paul's eye might have increased his tremor, but could no more have excited his wrath than can those eyes in pictures, which seem to follow our every motion, and to read our very soul, excite us to resentment or reprisal.

# THE PLEASURES OF IDLENESS.

BY GEORGE BORROW.

I HAVE heard talk of the pleasures of idleness, yet it is my own firm belief that no one ever yet took pleasure in it. Mere idleness is the most disagreeable state of existence, and both mind and body are continually making efforts to escape from it. It has been said that idleness is the parent of mischief, which is very true; but mischief itself is merely an attempt to escape from the dreary vacuum of idleness. There are many tasks and occupations which a man is unwilling to perform, but let no one think that he is therefore in love with idleness; he turns to something which is more agreeable to his inclinations, and doubtless more suited to his nature; but he is not in love with idleness. A boy may play the truant from school because he dislikes books and study; but, depend upon it, he intends doing something the while-to go fishing, or perhaps to take a walk; and who knows but that from such excursions both his mind and body may derive more benefit than from books and school? Many people go to sleep to escape from idleness; the Spaniards do; and, according to the French account, John Bull, the 'squire, hangs himself in the month of November; but the French, who are a very sensible people, attribute the action " a une grande envie de se desennuyer;" he wishes to be doing something, say they, and having nothing better to do, he has recourse to the cord.

> A FEW SHORT YEARS, BY WILLIAM ILOTT.

A rew short years—and then
Where is the sparkling joy
That airy bubbles, spward blown,
And butterflies and thistle-down,
Wake in the laughing boy?
Gone! like the first faint beams of gray
That wake the slumb'ring world,
When vapory mists have roll'd away,
And o'er the mountains curl'd.

A few short years—and then
Where is the pride of power,
That blood, swift coursing through the veins,
And health, and fame, and golden gains,
Wake in man's noontide hour?
Gone! like the shades of sable night
Before the rosy dawn;
Gone! like the blaxe of noonday light
At dusky eve's return.

A few short years—and then
Where is the sad presage
That shatter'd nerves, and hoary hairs,
And failing strength, and life's long cares,
Wake in the breast of age?
Gone! like the shadowy, phantom band
Our midnight dreams have known;
Gone! like the writing on the sand
Where ocean's waves have flown.

Soon after, when his straitened circumstances induced him to become a college tutor, he found the benefit of his scientific acquirements; but in that capacity his amiability of character was a disadvantage to him, for he was so anxious for the progress of his pupils, and so prodigal of his time and labor upon them, that he had but little opportunity for his own studies, or for relaxation.

For the occupation of the ministry, Mr. Wolfe, notwithstanding his youthful military tendency and love of society, was eminently fitted. His mind was naturally of a devotional cast, and fitted peculiarly for his new position. He was thoroughly in earnest-the strong impulse supplied by intense devotional feeling served to counteract his want of application. The kindness of his heart, and the desire to serve others, which was so prominent a feature of his mind, made him untiring; the dislike of contest which marked him led him to dwell on the vital points common to all religions, and avoid controversial ground. That want of self-esteem, too, which at the University had ever made him distrustful of his own powers, and kept him from claiming the stanzas on Sir John Moore, when they were claimed by, or attributed to others, induced him to converse familiarly with the peasant, and to submit to contradiction, and even insult, from those who, both socially and intellectually, were inferior to himself. Add to this, that he thoroughly understood the Irish character, which had many points in common with his own impulsive, versatile nature, and it may be conceived how influential he was in his remote curacy. Presbyterian, Methodist, Catholic, all gathered around him, and often filled his little church, listening to his concise, plain-spoken sermons. which far oftener treated of the hopes and mercies than the terrors and punishments of Christianity, and in his parish school the children of all denominations were taught together. This, however, was not to last long. He had applied himself too assiduously to his task for his physical strength. Oppressed with a sense of the responsibility of his position, he had, upon entering upon the ministry, given up all thoughts of literature. lived in an old half-furnished house, slept in a damp room, and traversed bog and moor on foot, in all weathers, to visit his flock. Under these labors the latent tendency of his constitution developed itself, his cough became day by day more violent, and in 1821 it was evident that consumption had laid its hand upon its prey. Still he was unwilling to retire from his ministry, and it was only in compliance with the reiterated entreaties of his friends that he at last proceeded to Scotland to consult a celebrated physician. His return to his parish after this short absence proved the estimation in which he was held among the people. As he rode by the cabins of the peasantry, the occupants rushed out, and, with all the impulsive devotion of the Irish toward those whom they regard as benefactors, fell upon their knees, and invoked blessings upon him, and pursued the carriage in which he rode, with fervent prayers. His health, however, still continued to fail, and his friends at length persuaded him to remove to Dublin, where he continued to preach occasionally, till his physician forbade such effort, and, to use his own words, stripped him of his gown. Toward the winter of 1821, it was thought advisable to remove him to Bordeaux for a time, but adverse gales twice drove him back to Holyhead, and he suffered so much from fatigue and seasickness that it appeared best to locate him near Exeter, where he staid till the spring of 1822, in the house of a clergyman, whose practice among the poor had qualified him to act the part of a physician to the invalid. In the spring, apparently somewhat improved, he returned to Dublin, and in the summer made a short voyage to Bordeaux, where he staid about a month. He then again returned to Dublin, and from that time steadily declined. In November, 1822, accompanied by a relative, and the Rev. Mr. Russell, his biographer, he removed to the Cove of Cork, but all efforts to recruit his failing strength were unavailing, and he expired there on the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age. About a twelvementh previous to his death, he had been preferred to the important curacy of Armagh, but he never lived to visit his new parish. All his letters written during his protracted illness prove his amiability, and the patience with which he suffered, as well as the ardor of the Christian faith on which he so confidently leaned, and few men were more sincerely mourned by a large number of devoted and admiring

The Rev. Charles Wolfe was one of those characters eminently fitted to make good men, but destitute of some of the qualities for what the world calls greatness. He was a high type of that class who form the cynosure of their own peculiar circles, where they are admired as much for the kindliness of their nature as the extent of their attainments, and the power and versatility of their talents. But wanting the self-esteem, the unwavering self-confidence, the perseverance and unshaken resolution which go to make up greatness, he possessed in an eminent degree those kindly sympathies, tender feelings, and that earnest devotion to the interests and wishes of his fellows, which among friends and intimates make goodness so much more lovable than greatness.

The following is the lyric to which we have already alluded, and which so well consorts with the general tenderness of his character:

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee:
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be:
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
That, dearest! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

THE FIDGETS.

THERE are people whom one occasionally meets with in the world, who are in a state of perpetual fidget and pucker. Every thing goes wrong with them. They are always in trouble. Now, it is the weather, which is too hot; or, at another time, too cold. The dust blows into their eyes, or there is "that horrid rain," or "that broiling sun," or "that Scotch mist." They are as ill to please about the weather as a farmer; it is never to their liking, and never will be. They "never saw such a summer," "not a day's fine weather," and they go back to antiquity for comfort—"it was not so in our younger days."

Fidgety people are rarely well. They have generally "a headache," or "spasms," or "nerves," or something of that sort; they can not be comfortable in their way without trouble. Most of their friends are ill; this one has the gout "so bad;" another has the rheumatics; a third is threatened with consumption; and there is scarcely a family of their acquaintance whose children have not got measles, hooping-cough, scarlet fever, or some other of the thousand ills which infantine flesh is heir to. They are curiously solicitous about the health of every body: this one is exhorted "not to drink too much cold water;" another "not to sit in the draught;" a third is advised to "wear flannels;" and they have great doctors at their fingers' ends, whom they can quote in their support. They have read Buchan and Culpepper, and fed their fidgets upon their descriptions of diseases of all sorts. They offer to furnish recipes for pills, draughts, and liniments; and if you would believe them, your life depends on taking their advice gratis forthwith.

To sit at meals with such people is enough to give one the dyspepsy. The chimney has been smoking, and the soot has got into the soup; the fish is overdone, and the mutton is underdone; the potatoes have had the disease, the sauce is not of the right sort, the jelly is candied, the pastry is musty, the grapes are sour. Every thing is wrong. The cook must be disposed of; Betty stands talking too long at the back-gate. The poultry-woman must be changed, the potato-man discarded. There will be a clean sweep. But things are never otherwise. The fidgety person remains unchanged, and goes fidgeting along to the end of the chapter; changing servants, and spoiling them by unnecessary complainings and contradictions, till they become quite reckless of ever giving satisfaction.

The fidgety person has been reading the newspaper, and is in a ferment about "that murder!" Every body is treated to its details. Or somebody's house has been broken into, and a constant fidget is kept up for a time about "thieves!" If a cat's-whisper is heard in the night, "there is a thief in the house;" if an umbrella is missing, "a thief has been in the lobby;" if a towel can not be found, "a thief must have stolen it off the hedge." You are counseled to be careful of your pockets when you stir abroad. The outer doors are furnished with latches, new bolts and bars are provided for out-houses, bells are hung behind the shutters, and all other possible expedients are devised to keep out the imaginary "thief."

"O, there is a smell of fire!" Forthwith the house is traversed, downstairs and upstairs, and a voice at length comes from the kitchen, "It's only Bobby been burning a stick." You are told forthwith of a thousand accidents, deaths, and burnings, that have come from burning sticks! Bobby is petrified and horror-stricken, and is haunted by the terror of conflagrations. If Bobby gets a penny from a visitor, he is counseled "not to buy gunpowder" with it, though he has a secret longing for crackers. Maids are cautioned to "be careful about the clothes-horse," and their ears are often startled with a cry from above-stairs of, "Betty, there is surely something singeing!"

The fidgety person "can not bear" the wind whistling through the key-hole, nor the smell of washing, nor the sweep's cry of "svee-eep, svee-eep," nor the beating of carpets, nor thick ink, nor a mewing cat, nor new boots, nor a cold in the head, nor callers for rates and subscriptions. All these little things are magnified into miseries, and, if you like to listen, you may sit for hours and hear the fidgety person wax eloquent about them, drawing a melancholy pleasure from the recital.

The fidgety person sits upon thorns, and loves to perch his or her auditor on the same raw material. Not only so, but you are dragged over thorns, till you feel thoroughly unskinned. Your ears are bored, and your teeth are set on edge. Your head aches, and your withers are wrung. You are made to shake hands with misery, and almost long for some real sorrow as a relief.

The fidgety person makes a point of getting out of humor upon any occasion, whether about private or public affairs. If subjects for misery do not offer within doors, they abound without. Something that has been done in the next street excites their ire, or something done a thousand miles off, or even something that was done a thousand years ago. Time and place matter nothing to the fidgety. They overleap all obstacles in getting at their subject. They must be in hot water. If one question is set at rest, they start another; and they wear themselves to the bone in settling the affairs of every body, which are never settled. Their feverish existence refuses rest, and they fret themselves to death about matters with which they have often no earthly concern. They are spendthrifts in sympathy, which in them has degenerated into an exquisite tendency to pain. They are launched on a sea of trouble, the shores of which are perpetually extending. They are self-stretched on a rack, the wheels of which are ever going round.

The fundamental maxim of the fidgety is—whatever is, is wrong. They will not allow themselves to be happy, nor any body else. They always assume themselves to be the most aggrieved persons extant. Their grumbling is incessant, and they operate as a social poison wherever they go. Their vanity and self-conceit are usually accompanied by selfishness in a very aggravated form, which only seems to make their fidgets the more intolerable. You will generally observe that they are idle persons; indeed, as a general rule, it may be said, that the fidgety class want healthy occupations. In nine cases out of ten, employment in some active pursuit, in which they could not have time to think about themselves, would operate as a cure.

## PRAISE.

PRAISE is something which costs us nothing, and which we are, nevertheless, the most unwilling to bestow upon others, even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves the less we deserve it; not reflecting that the breath of self-eulogy soils the face of the speaker, even as the censer is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

WALK UP THE RHINE.

THE true way to see the Rhine, to enjoy it, to understand it, is to walk along the valley through which it runs, to "put up" at the village inns by the wayside, halting here a day, and there a day, scouring the country about, and rambling at leisure among the ruins of the old robber haunts, perched like eagles' eyries, on the summits of the boldest promontories along its banks. Thus only can you understand, and drink in the spirit of the country; apprehend the legendary and fabulous traditions, which still cling to certain districts; commune with the spirits of the rocks, the black hunters: Woden, the ten-handed god, the demon who haunts each crag and castle-crowned cliff; the melodious songs sung by invisible enchantresses; and the host of adventures, shrouded in legends, which still attach to the most famous scenery of the picturesque valley, and which civilization itself has not sufficed to dissipate.

Skirting along the Rhine, about midway between Cologne and Bonn, whose taper spires I saw in the distance, reflected on the broad, and here unruffled, surface of the stream, I came upon a group of youths dressing themselves after a bathe in the river. I joined them, as they proceeded along the same path with myself, and, from the short-cuts which they occasionally made across the fields, I found they were quite familiar with the road. They were traveling apprentices on their wanderschaft-most tradesmen in Germany appropriating a period to traveling from town to town, to acquire the mysteries of their craft, before finally settling down in business for life. I found that one of them was on his way home from France and Belgium, and another, a saddler, had been all over Austria and the provinces of Lombardy, had passed through Switzerland into France, and was now wandering up the Rhine again, back to his home, at Frankfort on the Maine. He was a strapping, military-looking youth, and was full of anecdote and adventure.

The Siebergebergen—a range of rugged hills, which seemed to shut in the valley of the Rhine—loomed before us; the river lay winding in the valley beneath—occasional fine views discerned through the trees which skirted our road; when, to cheer the way, the three youths struck up a spirited song, "Am Rheim," in capital voice—the saddler putting in a thoroughly musical bass, with great taste. A pretty smart thunder-storm drove us to take shelter in a roadside gastwirthhaus, or tavern, where a repast of bread and cheese, though indifferent in quality, proved welcome; but the blue sky again appearing overhead, and the sun again blinking out, we proceeded cheerily along the road to Bonn, reaching it about dusk.

I lodged in the same house with my extempore friend, the saddler, but I found, when I came to pay my bill in the morning, that he had played me a trick. The land-ord told me he had desired him to include the expenses of both in the same bill, and that I was to be the zahl-meister, or paymaster. I paid the bill, which was a very small one, but I took the landlord's advice, and shook off "my friend," who was very desirous that I should accompany him up the Rhine, doubtless as his zahlmeister! This was my first experiment of German greed, and I afterward met with many instances of the same failing. I found, all along the Rhine, a current maxim, among those Germans especially with whom tourists come in contact, of "Die Englandier haben viel gelt"—"the

Englishman has lots of money;" and they were generally found willing enough, in his ignorance of their confused and constantly changing coinage, to ease him of a portion of it. But these Germans have been so demorshized by tourists—as is the case with most of the innkeepers, guides, and car-drivers of the tourist districts of our own country—that they are not to be taken as a fair specimen of the real indigenous inhabitants, who, as I afterward found, were as frugal, honest, and hard-working a class of population as is to be found in any European country.

Leaving the saddler to pursue his journey by himself, I halted behind for a few hours, and had the good fortune to fall in with an old soldier, who had served in the French army, under Napoleon, during the late continental wars. He had been in the battles of the Spanish revolution; at Busaco, Torres Vedras, and Salamanca, where he had been captured, and sent to England a prisoner. By this means he had picked up some English, of which he was not a little proud, telling his friend the innkeeper, "I spike Engelsh ver goot, auch Espagnol and Portugee a leetle, but Engelsh die best:" on which the innkeeper, with the other bystanders, who stood around listening, seemed to regard him as a prodigy of learning. With this veteran I scaled the hill above Poppelsdorf, from which a noble view of the Rhine and Siebenbergen is obtained: there is a church here, which boasts of possessing among its curiosities, the sacred stairs which led up to Pilate's Judgment Hall, and still bear the stains of the Savior's blood! This afforded the German a text from which to preach about the credulity of his townsfolk: he had evidently been somewhat contaminated by his contact with the French soldiery, and did not hesitate to declare that, in Spain alone, he had seen as many relics of the true cross as would suffice to build a first-rate ship of war, and vials of the Savior's blood amply sufficient to float it! Whether the old soldier was right or wrong, I shall not pretend to sav.

I set out along the Rhine road, with the castled crag of Drachenfels before me, drawing nearer and nearer as I trudged onward. The Rhine makes a wide sweep above Bonn, and is for some time quite lost to the traveler's sight. The only objects of interest, for some miles, are the curious crosses erected along the roadside, some stone and some wooden—most of the latter with effigies of Christ attached to them, rudely, and often glaringly painted—by no means flattering representations of their object. But before these, rude though they be, the humble peasant, doffing his cap, and withdrawing from the dusty highway, as respectfully and devoutly kneels, as if they were the works of the most consummate artist.

One of the crosses which I passed was, however, of very superior merit, as a work of art—purely Gothic. It has stood there for more than five hundred years; and though somewhat corroded by time, it is still elegant, and beautiful exceedingly: it was erected by an Archbishop of Cologne, in the year 1333. The careful manner in which these wayside crosses are preserved, and the general obeisance paid to them, show that the Reformation period did not penetrate to this district, and that the population is still purely Catholic.

I was now approaching the most picturesque district of the Rhine, and was already skirting one of the most ancient of its architectural beauties—the ruined Roman castle of Godesberg, afterward a stronghold of the

warlike archbishops of Cologne. The road skirts the base of the conical hill on which it stands, and from the summit a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country is obtained. Further on, the beauties of the Rhine scenery come into sight; the valley becomes narrower, the ascending hills on either side are covered on their lower parts with vineyards, and higher up with pinewood, to the summit. Having reached a part of the road, nearly opposite the majestic Drachenfels, I sat down to sketch the view, and enjoy it at leisure. The lofty and rugged Dragon's rock-Drachenfels-rose abruptly from the river's edge, and towered far into the sky, crowned by a ruined tower-probably the evrie of one of the old robber-chiefs of the Rhine, in times long past. Behind it stretched away the other hills in the chain, wooded to the summit, and with smiling vineyards seated on their lower sides, where the busy vinedresser was at work among the leaves. The Rhine swept round the base of the foremost rock, in a broad and steady current, its bosom studded here and there with boats, whose gay streamers and white sails flaunted about in the sunny air; while up from the bank nearest me, but hidden from sight, rose the shouts of the drivers impelling their harnessed cattle against the course of the stream. While thus seated, a sound of wheels rolled along the road, and presently an English barouche dashed past amid a cloud of dust. I looked, and to! a fair maiden sat reading her "prayer-book," as "Murray's Guide" is often called among English tourists, while a rubicund, jolly-faced old gentleman-obviously her papa-sat lolling back in the carriage-fast asleep! Thus it is that tourists often enjoy the beauties of the Rhine!

I rose and walked on, and, after a short space, was winding round the base of the old castle of Rolandseck, seated on a high hill, overlooking the snug, green island of Nonneuworth. A pleasure-party were up among the ruins, and as I passed, the sound of their voices, in beautiful chorus, was wafted down upon my ravished ears. At a turn of the road I caught sight of them, standing in a ruined archway, overgrown with ivy, still chanting the beautiful melody. This, then, was the Rhine! with its music, its bright beauty, its sweeping tide, its smiling vineyards. It was all that fancy had dreamed, or poets pictured, or mind conceived. It was the beautiful—the majestic Rhine—

"A blending of all beauties; streams and dells, Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, ruin, And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells, From gray, but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells."

As I went on, valley after valley opened up to me as I passed, and I gazed far along their leafy vineyards. Villages lay in the clefts of the hills, and now a churchbell set up its distant chime, which stole like sweet music over the landscape. A little vessel with a white flapping sail lay floating along the current, and, stealing out of sight, it swept behind the verdure of Nun's Island, over which Roland the Brave so often cast his sorrowful eyes; for there, according to tradition, was his betrothed bride so many years self-immured.

And now the river widens again into a broad, lake-like expanse; the Isle of Werth and the village of Oberwinter is passed; vineyards stretch amid the villages and up the hill-sides; and right before me, on the other side the river, runs the pretty little village of Uncal. It really looks so tempting a spot to rest in, that I descend to the river's side, hail the ferryman, and, seated in his

boat, am forthwith rowed across to the opposite shore, and landed at the rude little pier of the village of Uncal. It is a delicious spot to rest in, and drink in the first delicious draught of Rhine beauty. Right opposite, rise the huge basaltic rocks of Uncalstein, formerly stretching into the bed of the river, and causing a maels rom or whirlpool, wherein vessels were ofttimes dragged beneath the boiling waters, and reappeared only in wrecked fragments, till Napoleon, before whom no other whirlpool could stand, caused the rocks in the stream to be blown up, and the passage was thus made safe forever. Climbing the hills behind Uncal, across fields and up through terraces of vines, till a point is reached from which the broad Rhine lies spread at your feet, sweeping round the Island of Nonnenwerth, till it is lost behind the Dragon's rock; gazing at the castle-crowned crag and the bounding hills stretching away far into the distance; roaming along the banks of the beautiful river, under the sunshine, or by the mellowed moonlight, or under the ruddy glow of evening; watching the toiling teams on the further bank dragging their laden vessels upstream, or the idle boat sleeping along the current which seems to linger amid the beauties of the place, or the huge rafts of timber, with their busy population on board, steering through the swift current at Nonnenwerth, or the active steamer with splashing paddles bearing its load of tourists up into the beautiful land-such are the delicious sights which cause the traveler to linger at Uncal, lovingly and cheerfully; and to leave its pretty white-washed cottages and sweet little church and taper spire with such softened melancholy and regret.

HUME'S ANTI-MIRACLE ARGUMENT ANSWERED,

I REMEMBER being much struck, several years ago, by a remark dropped in conversation by the late Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Cromarty, Scotland, one of the most original-minded men I ever knew. "In reading in my Greek New Testament this morning," he said, "I was curiously impressed by a thought, which, simple as it may seem, never occurred to me before. The portion which I perused was in the First Epistle of Peter; and as I passed from the thinking of the passage to the language in which it is expressed, 'This Greek of the untaught Galilean fisherman,' I said, so admired by scholars and critics for its unaffected dignity and force, was not acquired, as that of Paul may have been, in the ordinary way, but formed a portion of the Pentecostal gift! Here, then, immediately under my eye, on these pages, are there embodied, not, as in many other parts of the Scriptures, the mere details of a miracle, but the direct results of a miracle. How strange? Had the old tables of stone been placed before me, with what an awe-struck feeling would I have looked on the characters traced upon them by God's own finger! How is it that I have failed to remember that, in the language of these Epistles, miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the mind, I possessed as significant and suggestive a relic as that which the inscription miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the stone could possibly have furnished?" It was a striking thought; and in the course of our walk, which led us over richly fossiliferous beds of the Old Red Sandstone, to a deposit of the Eathie Lias, largely charged with the characteristic remains of that formation, I ventured to

connect it with another. "In either case," I remarked, as we seated ourselves beside a sea-cliff, sculptured over with the impressions of extinct plants and shells, "your relics, whether of the Pentecostal Greek or of the characters inscribed on the old tables of stone, could address themselves to but previously existing belief. The skentic would see in the Sinaitic characters. were they placed before him, merely the work of an ordinary tool; and in the Greek of Peter and John, a well-known language, acquired, he would hold, in the common way. But what say you to the relics that stand out in such bold relief from the rocks beside us, in their character as the results of miracle? The perished tribes and races which they represent all began to exist. There is no truth which science can more conclusively demonstrate than that they had all a beginning. The infidel who, in this late age of the world, would attempt falling back on the fiction of an 'infinite series,' would be laughed to scorn. They all began to be. But how? No true geologist holds by the development hypothesis; it has been resigned to sciolists and smatterers; and there is but one other alternative. They began to be, through the miracle of creation. From the evidence furnished by these rocks we are shut down either to the belief in miracle, or to the belief in something else infinitely harder of reception, and as thoroughly unsupported by testimony as it is contrary to experience. Hume is at length answered by the severe truths of the stony science. He was not, according to Job, 'in league with the stones of the fields,' and they have risen in irresistible warfare against him in the Creator's behalf."

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

WE have already spoken in terms of commendation of Mr. Wilton as a poet. In England and Scotland his name is held in high and deserved praise. Latest advices from foreign journals speak of him as being near his dying day. A brief, but beautiful and most affecting piece, entitled, "Song of the Invalid," written by Mr. Wilton, and addressed to his sister, is before us, which we shall hereafter furnish our readers. It is his last effort. In all probability, before these lines are seen by our readers, the heart that dictated and the hand that penned them will be cold and pulseless in the grave.

"Twas in a lone sequestered dell,
And on a summer's eve;
The sun's last glances ling'ring fell,
As loth the spot to leave:

For never sun more blithely rose
To light a scene more fair—
Day never had so sweet a close,
Or night a charm se rare.

And I have climbed the rocky steep That cuts the vale in twain, And gaze adown the lonely sweep That seeks the vale again:

I gaze on many a stately dome Of high imperious name, On many a low and humble home Unglorified by fame:

But all are wrapped in deep repose, And not a sound is there To tell how swift the river flows Between the banks of Care. Unmarked, the stream of life glides on To that Eternal Sea, Where earthly sun has never shone, Nor aught of earth can be.

And this, to me, is as a spell
That binds me to the night—
That bathes each wild untrodden dell
In waves of mystic light.

There are who say this wondrous world
Is but the work of chance;
That earth, like some huge scroll, unfurled,
And wrought its own advance;

That senseless atoms blindly grew Into a world of light; That creatures no Creator knew— That death's eternal night!

O, man, with aspirations high,

Is this the end you crave?
O, man, with soul that can not die,

And perish in the grave—

Are all the wonders prophets told But wild delusive dreams? And can it be that human mold Is but the clay it seems?

Shall love and virtue live on earth,
And with the earth decay?
Shall faith, and hope, and stainless worth,
Pass like a dream away?

Come forth, thou false and subtile sage!
Creation read aright!
Cast off the gathering mists of age,
And clear thy clouded sight!

Throw down, throw down the guilty pen— Break off the stubborn mask: The creed thou dar'st assert to men, Its truth of Nature ask!

At morn, at noon, or sacred eve,
On land or on the sea,
The lightest sound thy step may leave
Shall breathe "Eternity!"

Come tread with me this dizzy hight, And, through this waste of air, Gaze out upon the forms of night— What is thine answer there?

The moonlit fields of waving corn,
That ripening harvests fill—
The bubbling springs where lakes are born,
To man subservient still—

All speak of His unbounded love
Who caused those streams to flow,
Who fed those fields from founts above,
And made the harvest grow.

And wheresoe'er the broad moon's rays, In matchless beauty fall, They mirror forth to thoughtful gaze The Hand that fashioned all.

There's not a plant upon the earth,
There's not a tree nor flower,
But bears the stamp of heavenly birth,
The proof of heavenly power.

The very leaf on which you tread
Was wrought with wondrous hand—
A fragment of a volume dread
That speaks to every land:

A book unchanged from age to age—
The same since time began:
For Nature is a living page
That preaches God to man!

LAST HOURS OF FLETCHER. BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

FLETCHER seems to have become strangely impressed with a presentiment of his approaching dissolution. He was deliberating on making a visit to London. Being doubtful of the expediency of the journey, he kneeled down, and prayed for direction from Heaven. As he arose from his knees, he seemed to hear these mysterious words, "Not to London, but to the grave." stinctively shuddering, he exclaimed, "The grave! the cold grave! the cold grave!" In a short time, he proceeded to the church, to attend the Sabbath service. A part of the service, on that occasion, consisted of a beautiful anthem taken from the twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me. Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full." While these words were sounding forth from the lips of the devout worshipers, accompanied by the deep and full tones of the pealing organ, peace and joy-profound peace, unutterable joy-filled his soul; and from that hour death to him lost its terrors, and the grave its gloom. On Thursday, the 4th of August, he was laboriously employed in the duties of his ministry from three in the afternoon till nine at night. When he came home, he said, "I have taken cold." He, however, paid no further attention to it. Friday and Saturday he continued ill. Saturday night he had much fever. Sabbath morning Mrs. Fletcher entreated he would by no means think of going to Church. But he said it was the will of the Lord; and went. He opened the reading service with apparent strength; but, before he had proceeded far, his countenance changed, his speech faltered, and he appeared fainting. The eye of affection was on him. His devoted wife sprang forward in the midst of the crowd gathering around, caught him in her arms, and supported him till he recovered. Conscious that his end was near, that this was the last time he should address his people, he struggled on with the service, though earnestly entreated by his wife to desist. Having finished the introductory service, he reposed awhile in his chair, then arose, and preached with even more than usual effect and power. His theme was the love of God. He expatiated on its glories, its unfathomable depth, its illimitable extent, its eternal duration, and its wonderful influences, till his soul seemed exalted to the transcendent glories of life and immortality. The effect of the discourse on the people was overwhelming. Through their inmost souls the sounds of his voice

"Thrilled as if an angel spoke, Or Ariel's finger touched the string."

They knew the hand of Death was on their pastor. They saw in his face the outbeaming light of the heavenly world. After the sermon, he proceeded to the communion-table, saying, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy-seat." In going through with the communion-service, he became repeatedly exhausted, but the strength of the spirit triumphing over the weakness of the body, he would rally, and again proceed. The people were deeply affected. They saw their pastor offering up the last languishing remains of a life that had been lavishly

spent in their service. They wept, and cried aloud. With his dying hands he distributed the consecrated memorials of his dying Lord. In the course of the service, he gave out several verses of hymns, and delivered many affectionate exhortations to the people. Having struggled through the Sabbath service, of nearly four hours' continuance, he proceeded, by the aid of his friends, to his chamber, from which he went forth no more, till his inanimate body was carried on the bier to the grave. He lingered through the week. The next Sabbath morning—the 14th of August, 1785. The people assembled in the church for worship, but their pastor lay in his room, speechless and dying. They seemed to hear still that voice, whose tones fell so sad on their hearts the last Sabbath. It seemed

"Like an echo that hath lost itself Among the distant hills."

They sang a hymn of supplication for his recovery. It was accompanied by one simultaneous burst of grief from every heart. After service, the people lingered about the parsonage, and seemed unwilling to leave, till they had looked once more on the face of their expiring minister. Their desire was granted. The door of the chamber was thrown open. Just opposite the door, sitting upright in his bed, in full view, unaltered in his venerable and seraphic appearance, appeared the dying servant of God. The people passed along the gallery one by one, pausing, as they passed the door, to look for the last time on him whom they loved. They then went to their homes, and sat down in silence, and in grief, awaiting the deep tones of the muffled bell to tell them all was over.

In the chamber of death the last scene was approaching. The dying saint lay composed as the child, when he sinks to his evening rest, as the last sound of the mother's lullaby dies away on his ear. Not a word was spoken—not a sound was heard in the room. His devoted wife was keeling at his side. A friend was sitting at his head, and another at his feet. Their eyes were riveted on him. They saw his head gently recline toward his breast; they stretched out their hands, and he was gone.

Thus, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, died John Fletcher; and long will it be ere another like him shall appear among the children of earth.

THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

QUEBEC is three hundred and fifty miles up the St. Lawrence from the Atlantic, and has a harbor spacious and deep enough to admit all the British navy. The upper town is surrounded by a high wall of great strength, and the citadel may well be considered as impregnable, and is truly the Gibraltar of America. At this day, let them be informed that an enemy was approaching, and it would require more than the talents of a Wolfe, a Bonaparte, or an Alexander the Great to take it. The domes, steeples, and roofs of all the buildings of this city are covered with bright tin, which in the sun dazzles and gives the whole town a glittering appearance. In passing through the streets here we see many novelties, and among them that of dogs harnessed to small carts carrying provisions, milk-cans, or something else, and boys ride in them. The dogs are very tractable and obedient to their drivers. Some are sent without a driver to their master's store, and safely

draw back what may be sent. Thus dogs are made to do the work of horses.

The keeper of our hotel, who is a "Yankee," handed me a pass, from the commanding officer of the citadel, for all ladies and gentlemen at his house. We availed ourselves of this privilege, and at the great gate I handed the pass, and a non-commissioned officer was sent to show us and answer questions in this American Gibraltar. Every thing was in first-rate order, and had the appearance of being ready for action at a moment's warning. The citadel is capacious, and every thing is on a large scale; and they can bring their heavy ordnance to bear in any direction the enemy may make an attack. I remarked to the officer attending us, that I did not see how they could be taken, unless by a long siege, and by cutting off their supplies. He replied, "We are fully prepared for that; for we constantly keep at least a seven years' supply in the citadel." In the center there is a large parade-ground, the rock being made level, and covered with gravel

We viewed the strong breastworks or battlements, and looked down on the tops of the highest masts of ships, and they reached but a comparatively short distance toward us, for we stood over three hundred and fifty feet above the river. The citadel is on the highest part of Cape Diamond. There are three regiments in it; and the Scotch regiment now paraded with their fine band, playing on their Scotch bagpipes, to the great amusement of our ladies. Major-General Rowan, senior military commander in the Canadas, was present with his aids, one of whom he sent to invite our ladies and gentlemen to take a stand near him. It is a fine regiment, and under excellent discipline. The troops maneuvered with great precision, and showed that they have been well drilled; and better-looking men I never saw. Their dress was Highland Scotch throughout; namely, a cap, a short red coat, buttoned close, covering a plaid vest, and, instead of pants, a loose plaid garment, reaching nearly to the knees, called kilts, and white gaiters, leaving their knees and seven or eight inches down their legs entirely bare; a sheathed dirk or stiletto was tucked inside the gaiter of the right leg. They also wore in front a handsome philebeg, made of deerskin, dressed with the hair on it, and extending down to the knees, with a handsome brass one inch wide at the opening. The soldiers wear this dress from May 1st to

The line of fortifications around the upper town of Quebec, including the citadel, is three miles in extent, and all communications with it are through strong and massive gates, protected by heavy cannons. In addition to the lower town, on the east and outside of the wall is the suburb of St. Roch; on the west and on the right bank of the river, St. Charles. The Durham Terrace is one of the most beautiful promenades imaginable. It is on the site of the castle of St. Louis, which was destroved by fire in 1834. Lord Durham erected a large platform over the ruins, with a strong iron fence at the edge of the high cliff, to protect people from falling down the bank, which is over three hundred feet perpendicular above the lower town, and commands a most splendid view of the surrounding country, and is a place of general resort of citizens and strangers, and is, I believe, the only elevated spot of magnitude out of doors, in the upper town, that is exactly level. From this extensive platform we may from the iron fence look down the chimneys of the houses in the lower town standing

nearest the bank. This was formerly the location of several French and English governors, who it appears well knew where to choose the most delightful residence. Near this is the "Governor's Garden," a place studded with choice ornamental trees, with seats placed under them, as on Boston Common. In this park is a permanent monument to Wolfe and Montcalm. It consists of a large stone pyramid, placed on a pedestal, with a long Latin inscription, above which, on the north side, in large iron letters, is "MONTCALM," on the south side, "WOLFE." It is protected by a strong iron fence, and will stand for centuries to come. The public buildings are worthy of notice, but I can notice only a few of them.

The Cathedral of Quebec, a Gothic structure, is a very large, ancient, and costly pile, of hewn stone. The fixings in the interior, and more particularly the canopy, were very imposing, though not, as a whole, to be compared to the French Cathedral at Montreal. I was repeatedly in this building, and saw people come in, cross themselves, and fall on their knees, generally soon after they crossed the threshold, without noticing any of us in the slightest manner.

The Parliament House is a princely edifice, with a high, commanding dome—is new, and not yet completed. It is an honor to the city, and reflects much credit on the architect. In this building I was introduced to a lawyer and an officer of government, who was very playful in his remarks, and, addressing himself to me, observed, "You people of the States had better come back to the government of Great Britain, and now more especially, when we have a very fascinating lady at our head." I replied, "We also have very many fascinating ladies in the States." He quickly answered, "But none at the head of your government." After a pleasant interview we separated.

Near this is the Bishop's Palace, very large and imposing. Attached to it is an extra large garden. It is the most princely residence in the city.

The Methodist church is a new Gothic stone church, well located; cost fifty-five thousand dollars; very inviting, and on an excellent plan; pews lined and cushioned, and seats fourteen hundred persons; a well fitted up room for the pastor's study, a large vestry, and eight or ten rooms well finished and numbered, for class meetings; and to appearance the society is quite wealthy. I inquired of Mr. C. how many were the average attendance, and he replied, "One thousand."

The Episcopalians also have a fine church, but it hardly came up to my expectations, as that is the national religion. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics, and speak the French language, and they control in elections. There is a small church here that they claim to be the oldest in America. Every thing about it looks ancient.

I visited the Court-House. The Judge differed in dress from the lawyers at the bar only that he wore a black silk robe over a usual dress. He was delivering a charge to the jury in French.

The Market-Place is of generous size, on a quick descent on the northern slope of the hill, and hundreds of horse teams were in it loaded with provisions of all kinds, and most of them had more or less cauliflowers to sell among other things. This article is largely cultivated here. The tables of the hotels abound with it here and at Montreal.

Wells are scarce, if any, in the upper town. Water

is carted up from one of the rivers for the use of the inhabitants.

We next visited the plains of Abraham, west of the outer gate of the city, the battle-ground of the French and English armies under the command of two noted Generals, Montcalm and Wolfe. Both of these great men fell on the 13th of September, 1759. Here I took notes of Wolfe's monument. It was erected last year. We were pointed to the spot where he fell, and was removed to the place of the monument, where he died in the arms of victory. The monument is surrounded by a strong iron fence, with branched pickets pointing each way, to keep off all intruders.

To strengthen the defenses of the city on the west, four martello towers have been erected on these plains, extending, at certain distances from each other, across from the St. Lawrence to the Coteau St. Genevieve. These they can demolish should any enemy obtain pos-

session of them.

In and about Quebec there are subterranean passages and mines, from which they can spring upon an enemy, should he approach within certain limits. This city possesses great commercial advantages, and must be a very pleasant summer residence. A walk round the ramparts is as interesting and delightful to the stranger, especially, as can be imagined. The author of Hochelaga thus paints it, in his description, in glowing colors:

"Take mountain and plain, sinuous river and broad, tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich, fruitful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and somber forest, group them all in the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create, arch it over with a cloudless sky, light it up with a radiant sun, you will then have seen Quebec on this September morning."

## THE POLITENESS OF PAUL.

PAUL's politeness was compounded of dignity and deference. It appeared in the mildness of the manner in which he delivered his most startling and shattering messages, both to Jews and heathens; in his graceful salutations; in his winning reproofs-the "excellent oil which did not break the head;" in the delicacy of his allusions to his own claims and services; and, above all, in the calm, self-possessed, and manly attitude he assumed before the rulers of his people and the Roman authorities. In the language of Peter and John to their judges, there is an abruptness savoring of their rude fisherman life, and fitter for the rough echoes of the lake of Galilee than for the tribunals of power. But Paul, while equally bold and decided, is far more gracious. He lowers his thunderbolt before his adversary ere he lanches it. His shaft is "polished," as well as powerful. His words to King Agrippa-" I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds "-are the most chivalric utterances recorded in history. An angel could not bend more gracefully, or assume an attitude of more exalted courtesy. And certain we are, that, had his sermon before Felix been preserved, it had been a new evidence of his perfect politeness. No Nathan or John Knox-like downright directness in it. In his captive circumstances, this had been offensive. No saying, in so many words, "Thou art the man!"-no pointing even with his finger or significant glance with his eye; but a grave, calm,

impersonal argument on "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," which, as it "sounded on its way," sounded the very soul of the governor, and made him tremble, as if a cold hand from above had been suddenly laid on his heart. Paul's sermon he felt to the core, trembled at, and shrank from, but no more resented than if he had read it in the pages of a dead author. Paul's eye might have increased his tremor, but could no more have excited his wrath than can those eyes in pictures, which seem to follow our every motion, and to read our very soul, excite us to resentment or reprisal.

# THE PLEASURES OF IDLENESS.

BY GEORGE BORROW.

I HAVE heard talk of the pleasures of idleness, yet it is my own firm belief that no one ever yet took pleasure in it. Mere idleness is the most disagreeable state of existence, and both mind and body are continually making efforts to escape from it. It has been said that idleness is the parent of mischief, which is very true; but mischief itself is merely an attempt to escape from the dreary vacuum of idleness. There are many tasks and occupations which a man is unwilling to perform, but let no one think that he is therefore in love with idleness; he turns to something which is more agreeable to his inclinations, and doubtless more suited to his nature; but he is not in love with idleness. A boy may play the truant from school because he dislikes books and study; but, depend upon it, he intends doing something the while-to go fishing, or perhaps to take a walk; and who knows but that from such excursions both his mind and body may derive more benefit than from books and school? Many people go to sleep to escape from idleness; the Spaniards do; and, according to the French account, John Bull, the 'squire, hangs himself in the month of November; but the French, who are a very sensible people, attribute the action " a une grande envie de se desennuyer;" he wishes to be doing something, say they, and having nothing better to do, he has recourse to the cord.

A FEW SHORT YEARS.

BY WILLIAM ILOTT.

A rew short years—and then
Where is the sparkling joy
That airy bubbles, upward blown,
And butterflies and thistle-down,
Wake in the laughing boy?
Gone! like the first faint beams of gray
That wake the slumb'ring world,
When vapory mists have roll'd away,
And o'er the mountains curl'd.

A few short years—and then
Where is the pride of power,
That blood, swift coursing through the veins,
And health, and fame, and golden gains,
Wake in man's noontide hour?
Gone! like the shades of sable night
Before the rosy dawn;
Gone! like the blaze of noonday light
At dusky eve's return.

A few short years—and then
Where is the sad presage
That shatter'd nerves, and hoary hairs,
And failing strength, and life's long cares,
Wake in the breast of age?
Gone! like the shadowy, phantom band
Our midnight dreams have known;
Gone! like the writing on the sand
Where ocean's waves have flown.

WASTED FLOWERS.

On the velvet banks of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rosebuds were twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the birds that warbled at her side. The little stream went singing on, and with each gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled handwith a merry laugh, threw it upon its surface. In her glee, she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and, with the swift motion of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide, till every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then seeing her loss, she sprung upon her feet, and burst into tears, calling aloud to the stream, "Bring back my flowers!" But the stream danced along regardless of her tears; and as it bore the blossoming burden away, her words came in a taunting echo along its reedy margin. And, long after, amid the wailing of the breeze, and the fitful burst of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry, "Bring back my flowers!" Merry maiden! who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, observe this thoughtless child an emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its benevolent Giver. Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the child, "Bring back my flowers!" And the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy past, "Bring back, bring back my flowers!"

# HOME AND FLOWERS.

THERE are no words in the English language which bring before the "eye of the mind" sweeter associations than those of home and flowers. They both recall the age of childhood, and when we become men the pleasures of their remembrance are still dwelt upon with unabated joy. We never forget the flowers that

"Do paint the meadows with delight,"
as Shakspeare has happily said. And perhaps, in our
childish days, we thought oftener about the flowers than
we did of any other objects in the country, even as
Wordsworth did, and who has said:

"For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

# THE HUMAN MIND AND DEITY.

THE ancient anatomist, who was an Atheist, was converted by the study of the human body; he thought it impossible that so many admirable contrivances should exist, without an Intelligent Cause: and if men can become religious from looking at an entrail or a nerve, can they be taught Atheism from analyzing the structure of the human mind? Are not the affections and passions, which shake the very entrails of man, and the thoughts and feelings which dart along those nerves, more indicative of a God than the vile, perishing instruments themselves? Can you remember the nourishment which springs up in the breast of a mother, and forget the feelings which spring up in her heart? If God made the blood of man, did he not make that feeling, which summons the blood to his face, and makes it the sign of guilt and of

shame? You may show me a human hand, expatiate upon the singular contrivance of its sinews and bones—how admirable, how useful for all the purposes of grasp and flexure? I will show you, in return, the mind, receiving her tribute from the senses—comparing, reflecting, dividing, abstracting; the passions, soothing, aspiring, exciting, till the whole world falls under the dominion of man; evincing that in his mind the Creator has reared up the noblest emblem of his wisdom and his power. The philosophy of the human mind is no school for infidelity, but it excites the warmest feelings of piety, and defends them with the soundest reason.

#### KINDNESS IN WOMAN UNIVERSAL.

JOHN LEDYARD, the distinguished traveler, gives the essence of many long and labored essays in the following brief paragraph of his own experience:

"I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable and generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, and ingenuous; more liable, in general, to err than man; but, in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has been often otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

## THE PROGRESS OF SIN.

I HAVE seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighboring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon; but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think any thing evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger.

THERE is a moral mirror in our hearts, which reflects the images of the things around us; and every change that comes over nature's face is mingled sweetly, though too often unnoticed, with the thoughts and feelings called forth by other things.

#### NEW BOOKS.

DISCOURSE ON DOMESTIC PIETY AND FAMILY GOVERNMENT. In Four Parts. By Rev. John H. Power. Cincinnati: Sworm. stedt & Power. 1851 .- It is always a delicate task for us to of the publications with which we have had any editorial connection; and we often say less of such works than they really deserve. The one now under consideration, however, we could characterize more freely, as the author has been able to do the greater part of the work of editing it himself. We would be glad enough to claim a good portion of the honor of it; but this we can not justly do. It is the production entirely of its well-known author. It is exactly adapted to the times. It is clear, conclusive, and satisfactory. It is a book for every body to read. We hope every body will read it, and believe it, and practice it. It is a small book-18mo. of only 190 pages-cheap as water-and ought to be ordered from all quarters by the hundred. Scatter it, friends, scatter it. Let it come down upon the world like an October snow-fall!

PLAIN THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES: a Discourse, by Rev. William H. Goode, of North Indiana Conference. 1851.—Rev. Mr. Goode is one of the ablest and most successful champions of religion in Indiana; and the sermon now before us is one of his best efforts.

THE OHIO TEACHER. Thomas Rainey, Editor and Proprietor.—This is one of the most useful publications in the country, east or west. It tells all about common schools.

THE FAMILY MIRROR, edited by Rev. Lucius C. Matlack, is a monthly publication of the True Wesleyan Church. It is conducted with ability, and, we hope, success.

THE PULPIT OF THE ASSOCIATED REFORMED PRESBYTE-RIAN CHURCH. Edited by Rev. James Prestley.—The sermons of this monthly are generally of a high order of merit. It is published in Cincinnati by the house of James.

THE WESTERN LANCET AND HOSPITAL REPORTER. Edited by L. M. Lauson, M. D., and Geo. Mendenhall, M. D.—This is generally considered to be the leading medical monthly of the west.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY. Published by the New York State Lunatic Asylum at Utica.—Well might this publication place upon its cover the words of Grotius: "The care of the human mind is the noblest branch of medicine;" but it is exactly the branch in which physicians generally are the least at home. Such a work ought to make every medical practitioner a patron.

FREE SCHOOLS IN VIRGINIA. By Moncure Convoy. 1850.—
This is a small pamphlet. It is a plea of education, virtue, and thrift against ignorance, vice, and poverty. It is an important theme well handled.

Special Report of the Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary on Prisons and Prison Discipline, to the Forty-Ninth General Assembly of the State of Ohio.—This Report is a credit to Col. Dewey, the able warden of the Ohio State-Prison. It will be very useful to those interested in the subject.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Trustees of the Indiana Institution for the Education of the Blind. 1850.—This shows the Institution to be doing well.

THE NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, edited by Rev. H. N. M'Tpeire, we welcome as one of the very best of our exchanges. It is edited with great tact. It is full of matter likely to profit and interest. May it have success!

SUNDAY SCHOOL VISITOR, edited by Thomas O. Summers, D. L., has no superior of its kind, as we think, in the world. It is an honor to the whole south.

Annual Report of the Secretary of State on the Condition of Common Schools, to the Forty-Ninth General Assembly of the State of Ohio, for the year 1850.—Mr. King has furnished a vast amount of very useful matter in this document. His tables, and the appendix, show, nevertheless, that Ohio is not doing what should be done for common schools. Let her people see to it in good time.

#### PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for January has ten articles as follows:

- 1. Cumming's Life in South Africa—a review of a book which has been copied from by newspapers and periodicals beyond all precedent, and of whose character most of our readers, we presume, are well advised. The reviewer thinks some of Mr. Cumming's lion hunts and mountain rambles pretty highly colored, though not positively incredible.
- Socrates—places the old philosopher in a light a little different from that in which the world is accustomed to view him.
   His faculty of cross-examination is mentioned as his chief peculiarity.
- 3. Ignation Epistles-critical and historical, and of very little interest to general readers.
- 4. The Mysteries of Ceylon—relates principally to the finance and commerce of the island, with a variety or remarks on the recent disturbances and military executions there. Considerable interest attaches to the article.
- 5. Cheap Sugar and the Slave.Trade—a review of a letter from Hon. E. Stanley to Hon. W. Gladstone on the claims and resources of the West Indian colonies.
- The British Museum is a review of several parliamentary reports relating to that institution—an interesting article.
- Germany and the King of Prussia—principally concerning the acts of the present King, Frederick William IV, preceded by a sketch of Prussian politics from the middle of the last century.
- 8. Life and Letters of Southey-quite lengthy, but deeply interesting.
- The Ministers and the Pope—a severe thrust at her Majesty's ministers for allowing the introduction of the Pope's hierarchy in England.
- 10. The Defenseless State of Great Britain—a somewhat conclusive and caustic notice of Sir Francis B. Head's recent work bearing this title. The writer, though dealing occasionally in statistics, makes an interesting article.

THE EDINBURG REVIEW for January contains a fine list of articles;

- 1. English Socialism and Communistic Associations—a we'lldeserved though severe blow for the almost countless would-be reformers of the age.
- 2. The Struggle of Italy-able and deeply interesting.
- Devon and Cornwall—rather topographical in character, and chiefly interesting to English readers.
- 4. Sewell's Odes and Epodes of Horace-brief and scholastic
- 5. Lord Campbell's Chief Justices-very interesting.
- Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences—well written and captivating.
- 7. Kings and Popes—a severe thrust at his "Holiness," Pius IX.
- The Menace of War in Germany—political rather than otherwise in its nature. It is the production of a profound writer.
- Lord Clarendon's Administration—devoted entirely to the interests of Ireland. The paper is a very lengthy but satisfactory document.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, conducted by Freeman Hunt, Fullon-street, New York, is the best commercial periodical published in America, and probably in the world. No individual in any way concerned in mercantile or commercial transactions should be without it. In a recent number we observed an article on the uses and abuses of money, written by an English clergyman, which was alone worth the cost of the Magazine for the year.

THE PLOW, THE LOOM, AND THE ANVIL, edited by J. S. Skinner, Philadelphia, Penn., is, of its class, the first of monthlies. Every subject of a practical nature is discussed in its columns. To the farmer it conveys more information than any other single periodical; to the manufacturer it is of equal importance; to mechanics and tradesmen highly valuable; and even to the day-laborer it is not without its amount of interesting and valuable information. We commend most heartily to public consideration the very able journal of Mr. Skinner.

#### NEWSPAPERS

THERE is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next. And in the brief interval of painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us, that we are powerless, and the last faint pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter; we feel, in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befull us, that earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intenseness. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs it.

"I have led but a lonely life," said David Saunders, the shepherd of Salisbury plain, "and often have had but little to eat; but my Bible has been meat, drink, and company to me; and when want and trouble came upon me, I don't know what I should have done, indeed, if I had not had the promises of this book for my stay and support."

The footsteps of Time may not be heard when he treads upon roses, but his progress is not the less certain; do we not shake his hour-glass to make the sands of life flow faster; they keep perpetually diminishing; night or day, asleep or awake, grain by grain, our existence dribbles away. We call those happy moments when Time flows most rapidly, forgetting that he is the only winged personage that can not go backward.

Is it possible for a person to be conceited of his miseries? May there not be a deep leaven of pride in telling how desolate and unfeeling we are? in brooding over our unearthly pains? in our being excluded from the unsympathetic world? in our being the invalids of Christ's hospital?

Probably the man who deserves the most of pity is he who is most idle; for as there are said to be pleasures in madness known only to madmen, there are certainly miseries in idleness which only the idle can conceive.

It was one of the regulations formed by Richard Court de Lion, for the government of troops, when about to enter upon the second crusade, that if any one should be discovered committing a robbery, he should be tarred and feathered. This, says James, is the first mention of this singular punishment made in history.

A good man once said that soon after his marriage his circumstances were so straitened that he was sometimes destitute of the ordinary comforts of life. One morning his wife called him to breakfast, which consisted of bread, molasses, and water. Observing that she was much dejected, he cheerfally said, "My dear, this is better than the promise. We read that bread shall be given us, and water shall be sure; but we have more than this." The happy remark dispelled the gloom from the lady's mind, and they often afterward spoke of that meal as the sweetest they ever enjoyed.

"I remember," says Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that block-head the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor,'"

It is difficult to conceive any thing more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to him who handles the rod."

When the sturdy Quaker, William Penn, was introduced to Charles II, he kept on his hat. "Friend Penn," said the good-natured monarch, "it is the custom of this court for only one person to be covered at a time;" and then his Majesty took off his hat.

The velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock, the mistletoe flourish on the withered branch, the ivy cling to the moldering ruin, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the dying year, and, Heaven be praised! something green, something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will, in the coldest and darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the altar and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart!

When traveling alone, we may choose the shortest and most convenient road, though it be somewhat slippery and dangerous, provided we are conscious we have prudence enough to guard against those dangers. But he must be a merciless and unfaithful guide, who, knowing that a number of weak, thoughtless children would follow in his footsteps, should choose a path, safe to himself, but in which it was morally certain the greatest part of his followers would stumble and fall

In order to gain the hearts of children, it is needful to be fraught with expectation and fervor. The sunny temperament shrinks away from all that is dark and gloomy; and, what is worse, if they have a somber teacher, by an inevitable association of ideas, his shadow is apt to rest ever after on every religious subject.

We may judge of a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a person manifests delight in low and sordid objects—the vulgar song and debasing language—in the misfortune of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out of his affections, we are satisfied that he is an upright man.

Real and pure affection is always quiet and deliberate in its attention, and no man of refinement can long love a wife whose demonstrations of attachment are obtrusive and importunate.

The power of sympathy on children is wonderful. No one can do any thing with them, who does not know how to awaken it.

Imagination should be modest and retiring; like the heart, emotions extorted from it are always less forcible than those that spring spontaneously.

Little birds build their nests in the grass, and birds of prey on elevated trees.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The human heart is like a feather-bed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard and knotty.

Cruelty constitutes the greatest moral distance at which an intelligent creature can be removed from a God of forbearance and mercy.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

Let us so order our conversation in the world that we may live when we are dead in the affections of the best, and leave an honorable testimony in the consciences of the worst.

Friend—one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hands and heart in adversity.

If a man were to set out calling every thing by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.

A great many people have some knowledge of the world, although the world has no knowledge whatever of them, and no particular desire to acquire any.

Owls look wiser than eagles, and many a sheepskin passes for chamois.

Pleasure loves the garden and the flowers; labor loves the fields and the grain; devotion loves the mountain and the skies.

To be deprived of the person we love is a happiness in comparison of living with one we hate.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.

The mystery of sympathy links us with kindred minds, and bids us feel long before the lights and shadows of character can be distinguished, that we have met with the rich blessing of a heart which can understand us, and on which our own can lean.

Trust not the world, for it never payeth what it promiseth. He who enlarges his heart restricts his tongue.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

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FLORA, gentle readers, with her robes of gossamer and wreaths of flowers, has come. She has come to be useful rather than to be admired. She has come to wake the soft south-west, that it may spring up and rustle your hair and fan your cheek. She has come to touch the stalk of the dry shrab, that its buds may swell to leaves, and those leaves disclose the promise of a future day. She has come to set trees within your cottage-plat, and to wind your windows, and the pillars of your neat tenement, with vines. She has come to make your dwelling a beautiful arbor, to cover it with shade, and to fill it with the odors of the garden, the forest, and the field. Welcome her, with all your hearts, welcome her to your abodes. Let her make for you a "sweet home." Then you may well shut your eyes to the gorgeous follies and costly vanities of the gay world. You will have the poetry of life within your own doors!

It is singular, that, while our city people will stop in the streets, hurried as they always are, to look a long time at a few stinted shrubs, in a gentleman's front-yard, our people of the country, with the world wide open to them, are not more attentive to the cultivation of fruit-bearing and ornamental plants. Nothing is more indicative of good taste, and of a good disposition, than a love for this elegant pursuit. It is a pursuit eminently adapted to ladies. You must not, fair patrons of our pages, wait for the sterner sex to set you the example. Four-fifths of the men are too coarse to care about such a poetical employment. If you wait for them, you will have to live surrounded by naked soil, or a wilderness of old stumps. Go at it yourselves. The exercise will be greatly promotive of your healths. Set every crabbed old bachelor to tearing up roots and clearing off the ground. That is all they are good for; and they are hardly fit for that. Then scatter ye the seeds. Watch them as they shoot. Set out the little scions. Take care of them as they stretch up. Be sure to put out a plant, or a seed, every day while the season lasts. One or two years of this sort of exercise will make all around you "bud and blossom as the rose." So much for flowers.

Our talented townsman, the late editor of the Nonpareil, L. A. Hine, Esq., in the exercise of his gift of wit, last winter published a fanciful and very pleasing little joke on the abduction from our city of the celebrated Greek Slave. It set the world into a great commotion. We have seen his paragraph quoted in more than twenty papers, many of which come down with a sad face on the Cincinnatians for allowing "a beautiful white slave, valued at \$3,000," to be carried back into eternal bondage. The most laughable burst of indignation, however, which it has called forth, is the following from our old friend, H. W. Beecher:

"We have stated a supposed case. Look at a real one. A woman has resided many years in Cincinnati; has hardly been known to be colored at all; but is claimed by a man from the south as his 'property;' is sworn to as such, and is carried off to her fate. 'Her price,' it is significantly added, 'is three thousand dollars.' And the insatiate lusts of the man who can afford it are to be gratified on this beautiful and defenseless woman, under the shelter of the law which our government exercises; under the very shadow of the flag which the nation makes honored!

"And yet, we are told to 'be quiet' under this! and she is told that she must not resist! Is there a man on earth who ever knew the love of a sister, whose blood ever bounded at the kiss of the loved, who does not know that this is false' who does not know that the right of self-preservation strikes deeper here than the obligation to maintain what is called 'civil order?' Verily, it would seem that the very wires that bore the intelligence to us must have trembled, like a pulse that throbs with horror, under the burden of the news! that every breeze along their course must have howled their contempt for a nation that endures all this!"

We have never yet said a word about the liberties taken with the matter of our pages by our cotemporaries of the press. We have had occasion enough for a hint, now and then, but have never given one, mostly because our work professes to be a charity; and we never liked the taste of the editorial grambler, who is always complaining of his brethren for stealing the fruit of his overworked brains. Still, there is a limit, it is said, to the virtue of patience; and we take the liberty of jogging the memories of our friends. We have lately seen a larger number than usual of the articles of the Repository republished without credit. We have several examples now before us. One is our own article—The New Race of Americans—published entire in two western papers as original, without our name, or the name of our magazine. Another is a little story we wrote several years ago, called the Prayer of Habakkuk, which has been going the rounds "without note or comment."

A recent letter-writer, in that fine sheet, the Illinois Christian Advocate, says:

"The great Methodist novel publishers have this year published a novel from a Methodist pen. The 'Shoulder-Knot' is as genuine a romance as Kenilworth or Ivanhoe. So far as it goes it is a capital story, capitally told. The diaguises and surprises are sufficiently numerous and well managed. They sustain the interest to the end, and come out just as we like to have romances terminate, with the triumph of virtue and the discomfiture of vice. Some of the scenes are decidedly rich and original. The night spent by Buckingham and the prince as monks with monks is of this character."

What the writer says about the biographical character of one of the chapters is quite as romantic, we opine, as the book itself. Could our veritable little urchins, whose veritable little names were innocently stuck in to fill up the blanks of a very innocent little story, understand the criticism, how they would "anicker" as they go to bed!

Our Paris correspondent, Misa Anna Blackwell, wishes us to say, that she is not Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, but the sister of that lady. Not knowing their Christian names, we confounded them. Miss Elizabeth, we are told, is not a contributor to any magazine.

In a previous number, we made some remarks respecting the study of the Greek language, by persons wishing to become The article was written in very great haste, and did not satisfy us when completed. Still, it seems to have been successful in stirring up a great deal of thought respecting the topic mentioned; for we have since been flooded with communications of inquiry from all parts of the country, in relation to the best works to be used in the study of the language. We are too much engaged to answer them individually, and, therefore, take occasion here to say, to all interested in the subject, that, in our opinion, Dr. M'Clintock's "First Book in Greek" is the best extant for beginners. After that is mastered, the student will commence reading; and it will make no great difference what he reads, if he only reads daily and perseveringly. We are asked, too, about our own work in Greek. We have now by us nearly one hundred letters on the subject, written within the last three years, a great part of which are yet unanswered. We have not had time to answer Let us here say, therefore, that our Greek Charts we have allowed to go out of print. After publishing ten or eleven editions, all the while expecting soon to send a book to accompany them, we found ourself too full of official duties to make such a book as we wished to make, and consequently suspended further publication, till we could get the leisure necessary for such a labor. Till we can publish a work, that will shorten by two-thirds the time required in the acquisition of the elements of the Greek, we shall publish none at all. Such a production we hope to be able to put in print before many years. One correspondent-Rev. J. M. H., of Fairfield, Ill .- says he is thirty-seven years of age, but wishes to "lay hold of every thing that will be likely to increase his usefulness as a humble minister of Jesus Christ," That is the way to Not having satisfied ourself, however, in our hasty book-notice observations upon this subject, we intend to devote an article to it, as soon as we can get a chance. we hope to say fully, clearly, and exactly what we think.

The leading embellishment for the month is a specimen of the way in which an artist proposes to conjugate the verb to love. Whether the effort is grammatical or not, our readers must be the judge. The Guitar can speak for itself.















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